MOVIE CLASSIC

V. 6, # 5

JULY

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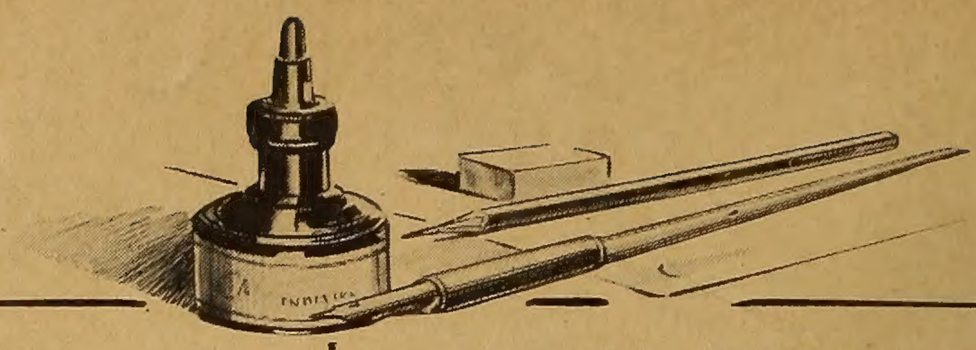
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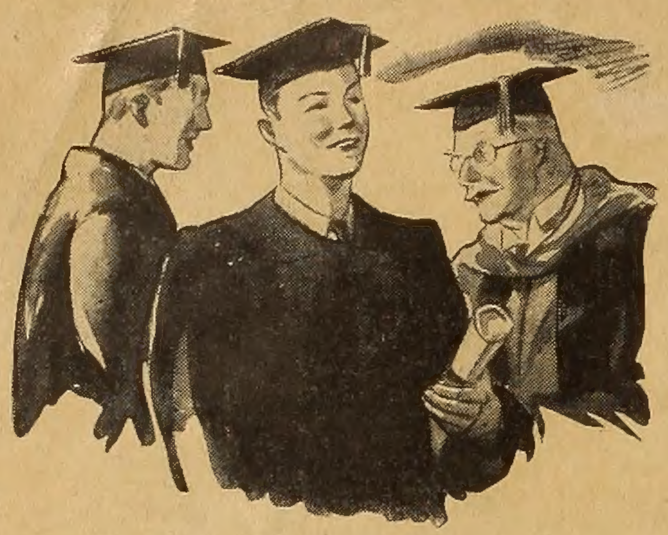
JEAN HARLOW by MARLAND STONE

JUN 27 1934

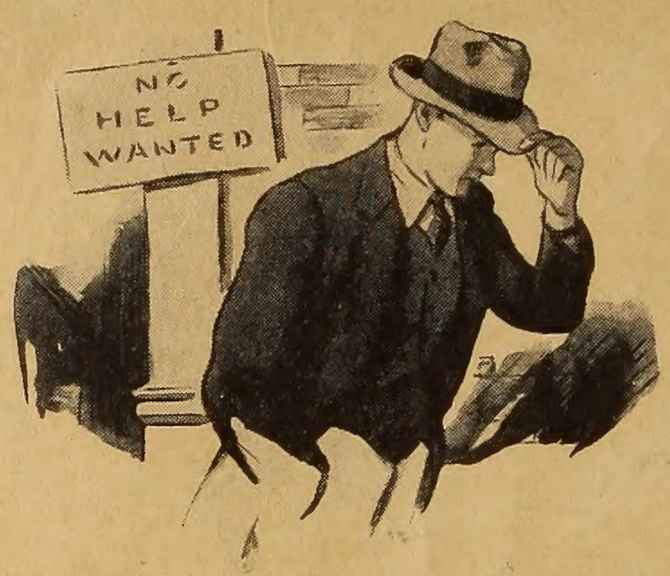
STARS IN LOVE MAKE BETTER PICTURES

"One little fault *nearly ruined my career*"

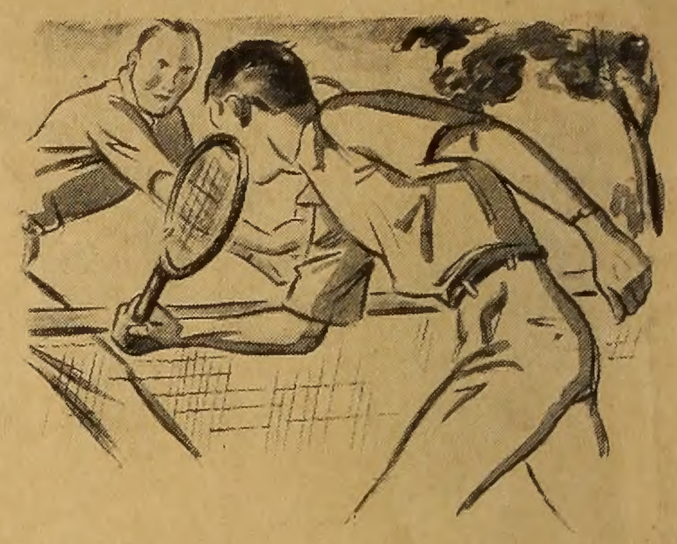




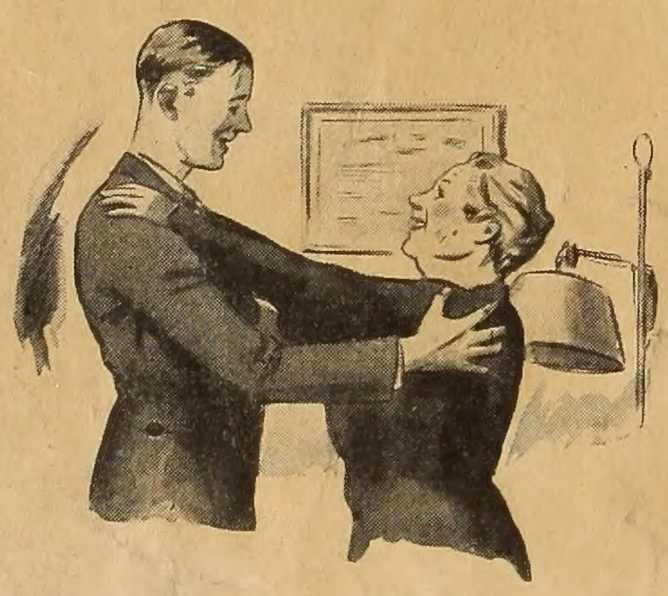
After 4 years of college and art courses, I wound up as one of those thousands of misinformed youngsters who thought that special training, plus college, would guarantee a job.



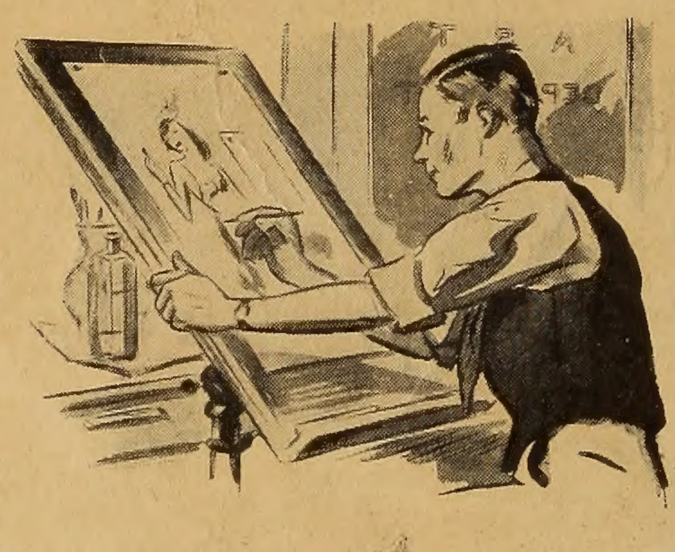
I must have walked a thousand miles before I learned otherwise. From June until the following May I tried to connect, but everywhere I got the same old story. "We've got artists to burn."



At last I got a break through a man named Kelsey—a tennis bug. After I'd trimmed him regularly, he said to me one day: "Kid, if you draw pictures as well as you play tennis, you've got a job, but I expect you to help me with my game."



So I went to work. Not much of a job to be sure—but a job at the thing I could do best. Was Mother tickled! And was I delighted!



For $12 a week, I began drawing pictures—all kinds—for Mr. Kelsey's clients—and helped Mr. Kelsey with his tennis after hours.



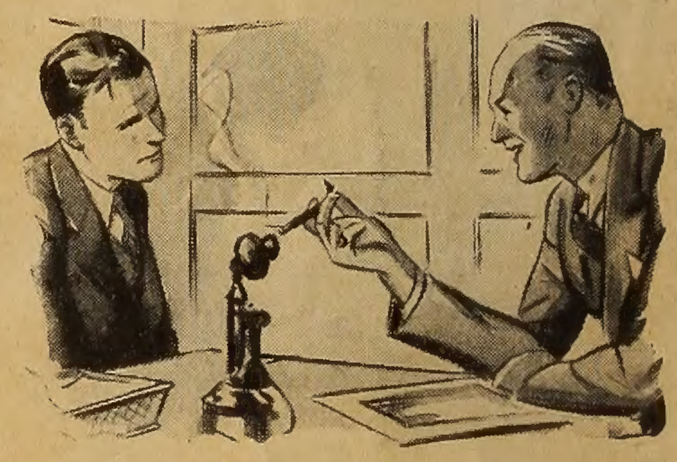
I pride myself that I made good. In six months I was getting $45 a week. My fashion drawings made a hit with Miss Lane, Mr. Kelsey's best—and *meanest*—client.



I got along fine with her for a while, until one day after I had delivered my drawings as usual, she gave me a dirty look. "You're a very ill-mannered young man," she said, "the sooner you leave the better."



I didn't know what I had done to offend her, but I wasn't long in finding out. She called Mr. Kelsey and told him she wanted me fired. Nice girl!



Mr. Kelsey did it in a nice way. "I don't entirely blame her," he said. "Halitosis has no place in business, so take that hint. Use a little Listerine once in a while, and come back in two weeks and I'll hire you over again." That's all there is to the story, but I shudder to think what might have happened. I'm back on the job again.

It is simply unpardonable. Halitosis (bad breath) is as much a handicap in business as it is in social life. Many firms recognize this and suggest that employees who represent them to the public take precautions that their breath does not offend. Why take the risk of offending others needlessly, when it is so easy to put your breath beyond reproach? Simply use Listerine every morning and night. If you wish to be particularly careful, rinse the mouth before important social and business engagements. Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth, credited with being the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your druggist now has Listerine at new low prices. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

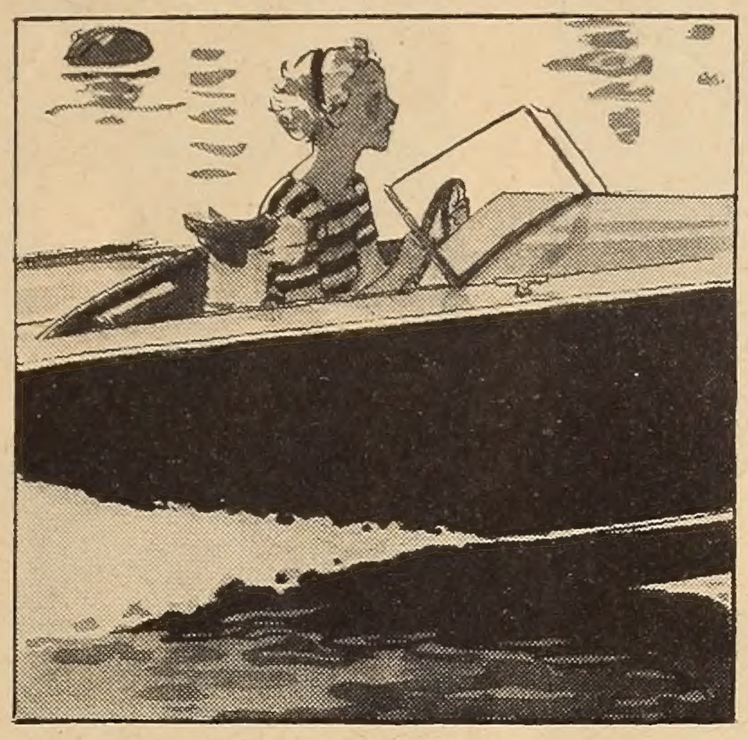
Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis (Bad Breath)

Isn't It A Shame!

HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!



Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yawl races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!



The men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the **young men?** *The "but" about Ellen is her* **teeth!**



Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!



Ellen should go to a dentist. He'll tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

OLDER men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive gums.

Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



NRA

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"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934

SWEEPING ACROSS THE SCREENS OF THE NATION!

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10 MONTHS TO MAKE! 100 CAMERAS FILMED IT! 10,000 IN THE CAST!

No wonder critics compare it in their reviews to "The Birth of a Nation." Because "Viva Villa!" astounds the world with its magnitude, its romantic thrills, its nerve-tingling drama. He loved his country and fought for it...he adored its women and took them! You'll thrill with each throbbing minute of it!

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with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. *Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcumb Pinchon and O. B. Stade.*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

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JUN 13 1934

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

VOL. 6 No. 5 JULY, 1934



Why Has JEAN HARLOW Found Unhappiness in Marriage?

On the cover, artist Marland Stone depicts Jean smiling—as most people think of her. But the Jean who looks happy on the screen is unhappy in real life. She is, perhaps, the most tragic of all the stars.

Three times, she has sought "peace and happiness and contentment" in marriage. And three times she has found nothing but heartaches. Her third marriage has just collapsed. And everyone is asking "Why?"

Jean has proved that she ranks marriage as being just as important as a career. Few actresses do. Yet she has been tragically unhappy.

A few pages farther on, in this issue, she tries to analyze why her last marriage—which began with a romantic elopement—has come to an unhappy ending.

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COVER DRAWING OF JEAN HARLOW BY MARLAND STONE

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Illness Couldn't Keep Colbert from Playing "Cleopatra" Rôle

And Other Intimate Hollywood Gossip

By Don Calhoun and Jack Grant

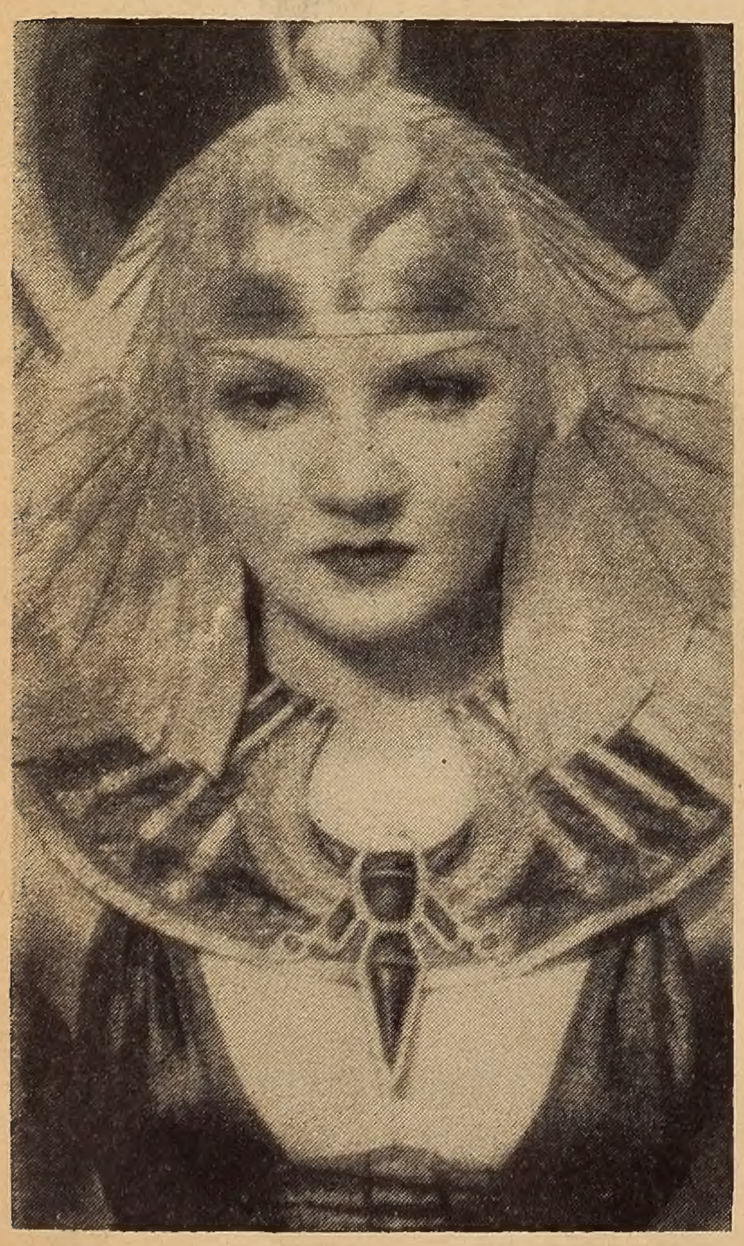
WHEN "Cleopatra" is released, the public will see a new, changed Claudette Colbert. She is more beautiful than she has ever been, but in a different way. She is less round-faced, more exotic-looking. And neither make-up nor diet has wrought the change. Work—work under difficult conditions—has done it. Here is the inside story:

Watching the Siren of the Nile move across the screen in her embroidered robes, heavily strung with jewels, in her cloak so ponderous that fifteen slave girls must arrange it whenever she pauses, you would never guess that this star was fighting every moment for the control of her sick and stricken body, that after almost every scene she collapsed, half-fainting, on the couch that awaited her behind the cameras.

Ever since she got out of a hospital bed last summer, against the stern warnings of physicians, to hurry to Hawaii to play in "Four Frightened People," Claudette Colbert has been paying the penalty. Less than a month after an operation for appendicitis, she was carried on a litter out of the Hawaiian jungle, burning with fever, threatened with peritonitis.



When a singer and an old maestro get together, what do they talk about—movies, radio, golf, or that guy Winchell? Your guess is as good as ours, after seeing Bing Crosby and Ben Bernie at lunch. Ben and all the lads make merry music (and howzah!) in "Thank Your Stars"; Bing goes collegiate again in "She Loves Me Not"



More beautiful than ever, but thinner—this is Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra." Note her heavy metal head-dress

There were Five Frightened People on that location. Cecil DeMille, members of the company tell us, was terrified at the thought that his absorption in his picture had blinded him to the risks that his uncomplaining star had been taking in posing under an icy waterfall and in trudging, half-naked, through thorny jungle that tore his tough leather puttees to shreds in a week.

The same plucky spirit that carried Claudette through that picture has forced her on through the splendors and tragedies of "Cleopatra," which was delayed a month because of her health and was begun only when she insisted that she was well enough to start work. But this is one picture where the acting—except for the actual filming—has often been done, not by a star, but by her stand-in girl. Claudette's stand-in, Gladys Jeans, not only posed for the preliminaries of lighting and grouping, but knew the lines, and spoke them so that the rest of the cast might rehearse the scene, thus saving the star hours of strain.

Swept with nausea, so weak that she could hardly move, often falling over in a dead faint, several times forced to stay at home in bed, Claudette Colbert has fought to make every scene of "Cleopatra" under conditions that would have appalled even a player in the best of health.

"Do you know what the temperature of this set is?" she said once, her make-up beaded with perspiration. "Eighty-six! It can't be one degree cooler or those feathers will moult"—she swept her arms toward a gorgeous purple canopy of plumes over *Cleopatra's* barge. "I look as though I had almost nothing on, don't I? This veil weighs seventy-seven pounds with all those jewels!"

Held on by a bar of silver over each shoulder, it cut into the flesh so deeply that Claudette will wear the scars for a long time. After several all-night shootings of the scene where the queen stands on the battlements, shouting defiance to Octavian's advancing army in a costume that consisted of nothing above the waist except a few beads, the star caught the flu in the cold night air of California—and so added to her troubles.

Guarded from interviewers, photographic sittings, even from visitors, Claudette triumphantly finished "Cleopatra," holding the legendary asp to her breast. Her faithful stand-in girl, who had had such a taste of acting before an unturning camera, had always had a horror of

(*Continued on page 8*)

MAE WEST



"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with R[illegible], John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it [illegible] AMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to *surface* dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt *under* the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

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Intimate Hollywood Gossip



Lovers, they say, have no appetite—but young married couples of course, are different. Anyway, Charles Boyer (he's the new French star you'll see in "Caravan") and his bride, Pat Paterson (she's in "Call It Luck") act hungry at the Russian Eagle

(*Continued from page 6*)

snakes. She fainted twice in rehearsing this scene and was replaced by a substitute.

What woman would not have gambled with health, even with real danger to play the rôle of *Cleopatra*, the greatest enchantress of all time? Claudette took her chance—and won. Now she is going away to recover from the long strain and to lose, perhaps, that new exotic, Garbo-look.



Joan Blondell has a cute tennis outfit, but she's only kidding about playing. She's going to Tahiti, for one thing—and she's blessed-eventing in October

Jackie's New Ambition

THIS is the first year that Jackie Cooper has shown any interest in the annual Academy awards. Somewhere he has seen one of the statuettes and has heard that it is quite an honor for an actor to win one.

Just before Jackie started his first scene in "Treasure Island," he announced to his mother, somewhat off-hand, "I'm going to make this a great performance; I'm going to get an Academy award for this job."

He went into the scene, played his part with Wallace Beery and returned to his place by his mother's side. He sat for a moment in solemn thought before looking up to ask: "Where will we put it? On the mantelpiece or in my room?"

He May Be "Sir George" Yet!

THOSE "knighthood-for-Arliss" rumors are in the air again. He's now in England, vacationing and planning a picture there . . . But whatever happened to those Garbo-and-Mamoulian and Novarro-and-Loy romance rumors? Could they *possibly* have been just smart publicity stunts? . . . Virginia Bruce, who recently got around to suing John Gilbert for divorce (she gets a property settlement and custody of their baby daughter) is returning to films and her former studio. She was just given a "leave of absence" two years ago! . . . Wonder if John pays alimony to all four of his ex-wives, or if they all took lump sums?

Somebody else who is coming back to films is Irene Castle McLaughlin, who

started the fad for bobbed hair in America and is still one of the best-dressed women in the land . . . Corinne Griffith, who just got a divorce from producer Walter Morosco, is still chummy with him. In fact, he's trying to get her a big comeback . . . That "trial separation" of Gloria Stuart and Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor, didn't turn out. Or did it? Anyway, it's going to be permanent, now . . . The New York sports columnists say they "understand" that Maxie Baer, who challenged Primo Carnera to a fight, will be Jean Harlow's next. . . .

Hepburning Everybody Up

KATHARINE HEPBURN and her socialite manager, Leland Hayward, have had more danged fun, keeping everybody guessing . . . When Chester Conklin recently married—again—his bride, Margherita Rouse, was taken into the church on a portable bed. She was once a hopeless invalid, but love has worked wonders; she may be walking in a year, doctors say . . . Half the town turned out to the wedding of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, and then the former Mrs. Wilson sorta spoiled the festivities by delaying the honeymoon with an alimony suit . . . Did you know that MOVIE CLASSIC scored another of its famous scoops with its Gloria Swanson interview a few months back, in which she said, "I am destined for divorce"? . . . What with Gloria's fourth marriage breaking up, and Herbert Marshall's marriage to Edna Best on the verge of a break-up, Gloria and Herbert have been consoling each other. At least, they've been night-clubbing together.

Bebe Daniels has just had mumps, of all things, and had to cancel a personal appearance date . . . And Eddie Dowling has political ambitions. No kidding.



Remember Irene Castle? She's coming back to films—as Irene Castle McLaughlin—and she's still a beautiful dancing lady

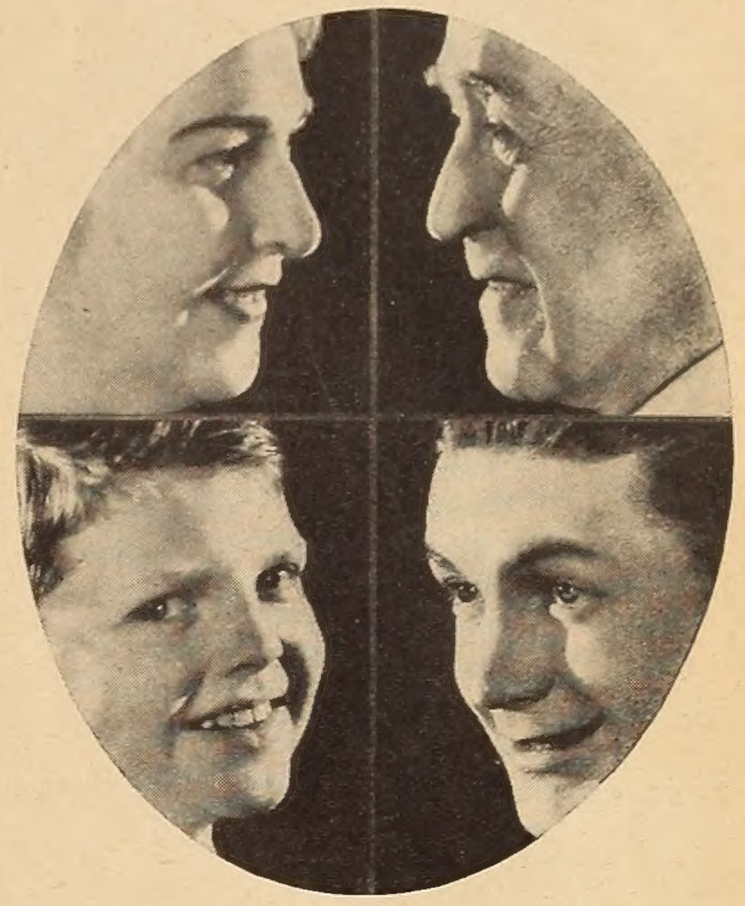
He's in the running for the Democratic nomination for U. S. Senator from Rhode Island . . . Ruby Keeler is signed up with Warners for three more years, but she and Al Jolson won't be teamed on the screen. Studios are still afraid that audiences wouldn't go across the road to see a real, live, lovey-dovey Hollywood married

(*Continued on page 76*)



Summer's here. The girls are going to the beach to have bathing suit pictures taken! At least, these Fox starlets are. Left to right, they are: front row, Nadine Dore, Irene Colman, Elsie Larson, Mary Blackwood, Julie Cabanne, Lynn Bari, Esther Broadelet; back row, Anne Nagel, Dorothy Dearing, June Vlasek, Betty Bryson, Jean Allen

Who discovered EX-LAX?



WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Here's That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!



Brings A Clear Lightness Unknown Before!

An almost magical way has been found to *increase* and *intensify* the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... *with the golden shimmer of your hair!*

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and *fascination* of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to *restore* its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier . . . give it a dazzling gloss and sheen . . . make you a *golden magnet* of *feminine appeal.*

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—*not a dye.* Simply acts to bring out the *natural hidden color,* golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond — for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!

TRUBLOND

BLONDE SHAMPOO

by **Jo-cur'**

Makes hair shades lighter . . . Keeps blonde and light hair from fading and darkening . . . Gives a Rich, Natural Golden Glow.

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400 Rooms—400 Baths

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Rates from $3.00

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Colyar P. Dodson, *President*

COCKTAIL RECIPES of the Stars!

MOVIE CLASSIC, starting something again, has been presenting a series of cocktail recipes that the movie stars use; and we'll continue to do so throughout the summer. Cut them out and save them. Better yet, try them. You'll find that the film folk are "good mixers"! —*Editor.*

LORETTA YOUNG seldom drinks anything stronger than tea, yet once in a while she cannot resist ordering a drink known as a Poussé Café. She says she likes to sit and admire it. (That's how colorful it is.) But it has to be mixed very carefully to prevent the colors from blending. Unless each liquor lies in the glass by itself, the effect will be spoiled. The ingredients are as follows and must be poured into a wine-glass in the order named:

One teaspoonful of Curacao

One tablespoonful of vanilla

One tablespoonful of Maraschino

One tablespoonful of Chartreuse

One tablespoonful of port wine

One teaspoonful of raspberry syrup

One tablespoonful of brandy

Light the brandy on top and allow it to blaze for a second before extinguishing by placing a saucer over the glass.

Billy Bakewell tells about another pretty little concoction called "The American Beauty."

Use a tall, thin glass filled with shaved, not cracked, ice. Pour into glass one teaspoonful of Creme de Menthe.

Then, in a second glass, mix the juice of a half-lemon, a small teaspoonful of fine sugar, a half-jigger of brandy and a half-jigger of French Vermouth.

Pour this mixture over the ice in the first glass, dash the top with port wine, garnish with a sprig of green mint and serve with a straw.

A spectacular drink is "The Blue Blazer." Let Sally Blane tell you how:

Use two silver-plated mugs. Dissolve a teaspoonful of sugar in a little hot water and add a wine-glass of Scotch whiskey.

Then ignite the whiskey and while it is blazing, pour rapidly from one mug to the other several times.

Snuff out and serve with a piece of twisted lemon peel on top.

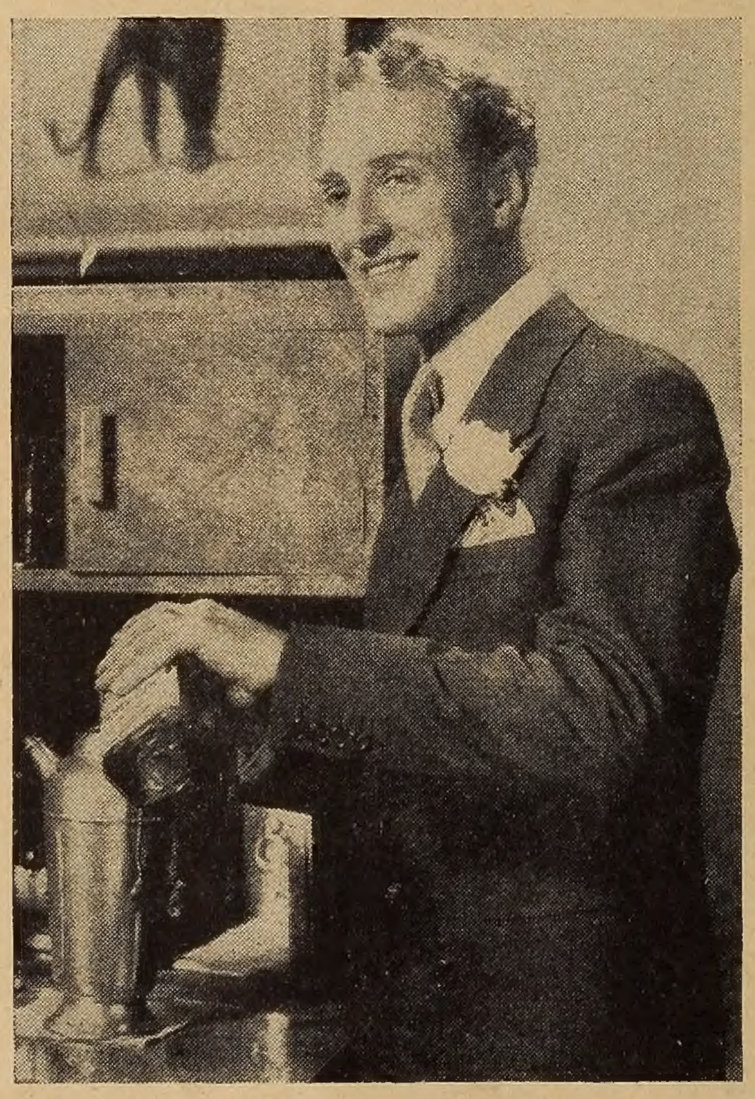
But perhaps blue is not your color. Perhaps you prefer red—the warm red of sloe gin. How about a Sloe Gin Fizz from the Lawrence Grant recipe?

Into a large bar-glass mix a teaspoonful of fine sugar, the juice of a half-lemon and a wine-glass of sloe gin.

Fill the glass half-full of cracked ice and balance with seltzer water.

Shake well, strain into a shell glass and serve while foaming.

You can achieve a regular rainbow of colors by mixing flips, using several different wines of different colors and allowing your guests to choose the color individually preferred. (Flips are favored by several stars.) This recipe is for a Claret Flip —but port wine, sherry, gin, whiskey (or even ginger ale, for abstainers) can be substituted. A tray of different - colored drinks makes a nice effect, if you don't mind the work of shaking them.



"Say 'when'!" smiles Otto Kruger, not hoarding the gin—what with liquor as low-priced as it is to-day. Here are some drinks you and Otto might like to try!

Use a large bar-glass, half-filled with shaved ice.

Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of fine sugar in a little water one egg (yolk and white) and one and one-half wine-glasses of claret.

Shake well, strain into punch glasses, grate nut-meg on top and serve.

This is the way Chester Morris makes his favorite, "Brandy Crusta":

Moisten the rims of your cocktail glasses in lemon juice and dip lightly in powdered sugar. Peel a lemon in one continuous piece, fitting the peeling into the glass so that it entirely covers the inside. Then mix your drink.

For every wine-glass of brandy, add three dashes of Curacao, three dashes of gum syrup, and two light dashes of Angostura bitters. Fill shaker with ice—and STIR, don't shake. Strain into glasses and dress with fruit.

As always — Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now..



KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

in "DR. MONICA"

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR ★ WARREN WILLIAM ★ VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley. A First National Picture

ARLISS Typifies Sincerity Says Movie Classic Reader

First Prize
$20.00

GEORGE ARLISS' work in "The House of Rothschild" stands out in my mind as the finest performance he has ever given in any picture to date. "Fine" seems hardly the word, for not only did he exact every soul-stirring emotion from his rôle, but he added to it tremendously in every instance. Especially was his flower-in-the-lapel touch, which ran throughout the entire picture, impressive in that it balanced the heavy emotions of bitterness and hate with the beautiful simplicity of a sweet love.

Without a doubt, the above incidence, which I understand was Arliss' own idea and an adaption from his home-life, was the keynote of his splendid work in "The House of Rothschild." Indeed, I believe it to be the keynote of his character, for it typifies sincerity and simplicity, both indications that at least one of the movie folk has faith that audiences can appreciate the finer things, no matter how small, that a really great actor can offer his public.

(Miss) E. E. Larkin,
Springfield, Ill.



In this scene from "The House of Rothschild," George Arliss is seen wearing the flower in his lapel about which one of our readers wrote a letter and captured first prize. Loretta Young, shown with Arliss, plays the rôle of his daughter in the picture

Honorable Mention
This Girl Hasn't "Gone West"

AFTER seeing "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel," I have come to the conclusion that many moviegoers either think it is "the thing" to express admiration for these productions or else they are afraid of being stamped as prudes if they openly express their opinions against such pictures.

"She Done Him Wrong" brought laughter principally on account of its quaint setting in the '90's. "I'm No Angel" played to a pretty crowded house whose laughter was forced like that of people who were bound to get their money's worth. They had been told by the enthusiastic advertisements that this was a knock-out movie, worth five times the price for its wickedness alone and, of course, it must be so.

My own personal reaction was that of boredom at performances that were stupid and relied wholly on vulgarity for their appeal. It reminded me of nothing so much as the scribbling of naughty boys on sidewalks and fences, trying their best to shock good citizens.

Marcia Montgomery,
Ithaca, N. Y.

$10.00 Letter
Norma Shearer Is Proof That Players Don't Have to Be Typed

NORMA SHEARER is an example of one actress who refuses to be "typed." And well may she be proof that the players don't have to be "typed." She played a saucy and almost slap-stick character in "Private Lives." In "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul" she gave us a heroine who had a soul two shades deeper than scarlet and who was determined to find out what love was about and who was unconventional whenever the mood dictated. In "Strange Interlude" she took us down to tragic depths and in "Smilin' Thru" she forsook the neurotic and daringly conventional heroine to relax in tender sentiment and fragrant romance. And in "Riptide" she was daringly sophisticated.

I might complete the picture by mentioning Norma Shearer's old silent films in which she was just "a nice girl."

F. K. Beckwith, *Seattle, Wash.*

$5.00 Letter
The Fans Are Being Cheated by the Follow-Up System

BING CROSBY has been so prolific that one can seldom enter a theatre without hearing a "boo boo ba boo." The novelty wears off and soon one looks elsewhere for amusement.

The film magnates then produce another actor, build him up with publicity, give him one or two really good pictures and then, if they have succeeded in making him popular, proceed to capitalize on his fame. He is put in one picture after another.

As soon as one type of picture crowds the box-office, there is a flood of similar pictures. Witness the success and then the abuse of the back-stage musical comedy theme. These film cycles rob us of the one important element of entertainment— surprise.

In spite of the industry's abuses and blunders, it does give us, on rare occasions, some excellent pictures. "When they are good, they are very, very good, but when they are bad ——" Tsk! tsk!!

D. R. P., *Oak Park, Ill.*

Why Must Slang Be Injected Into Every Newsreel?

THE "piece de resistance" on any movie program is the newsreel. Imagine my disgust when scenes were shown of the recent San Salvador earthquake; with bodies being removed from the debris amid horror, stark and unembellished . . . the musical score was "The Miserere" and throughout the entire scene ran the screaming voice of Graham McNamee, spouting out slang such as," Oh boy, what a blast, some disaster, believe you me!"

Equally obnoxious was the slang that accompanied the showing of the coronation of the Manchu Emperor—to see a people adhering to ancient and sacred rites and to have the solemnity completely spoiled with modern and disgusting slang.

How much more effective world events would be if we could hear a well-modulated voice, one that caught the spirit of the changing panorama and injected feeling and realism into each picture! Instead, we hear a veritable circus barker or a leather-lunged sports announcer.

Tom Moore, *Hamlet, N. C.*

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Each month, Movie Classic gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through Movie Classic—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City



HERE'S YOUR BLUE RIBBON

SHE'S a Blue Ribbon girl, vital and vibrant, smart and spirited—a winner on every count. She deserves the best of everything, and she gets the best of beers in Pabst Blue Ribbon. Because Pabst Blue Ribbon is also superlative by every test. It's the nation's standing order because it stands for Blue Ribbon excellence in beer character and quality.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.



What has this clever girl done to make her hair so lovely? How does she keep those exquisite soft tones—those tiny dancing lights in her hair?

Her secret is Golden Glint Shampoo. You'd never think a single shampooing could make one's hair so beautiful, so radiant—and do it so easily! You'll be delighted with the soft loveliness—the "tiny-tint"—it imparts. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 622 Rainier Ave., Dept. G
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Color of my hair:

ALVIENE SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

and CULTURAL subjects for personal development—Stage, Teaching; Directing-Drama. Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy, Elocution, Stock Theatre and platform appearances while learning. For catalog 36 apply M. P. Ely, Secy., 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

Lasting Loveliness
at your
FINGERTIPS



Mary Brian's beautiful hands achieve added loveliness when they are smartly fashioned with Moon Glow, the new nail polish that actually "flatters your fingertips."

MOON GLOW'S six smart shades will thrill you, and your nails will retain their smart appearance longer. MOON GLOW will not fade, crack or peel. Ask your drug or department store for the 25¢ or 50¢ size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Accept no substitute for genuine MOON GLOW. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.

USE THIS COUPON **MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH**

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.

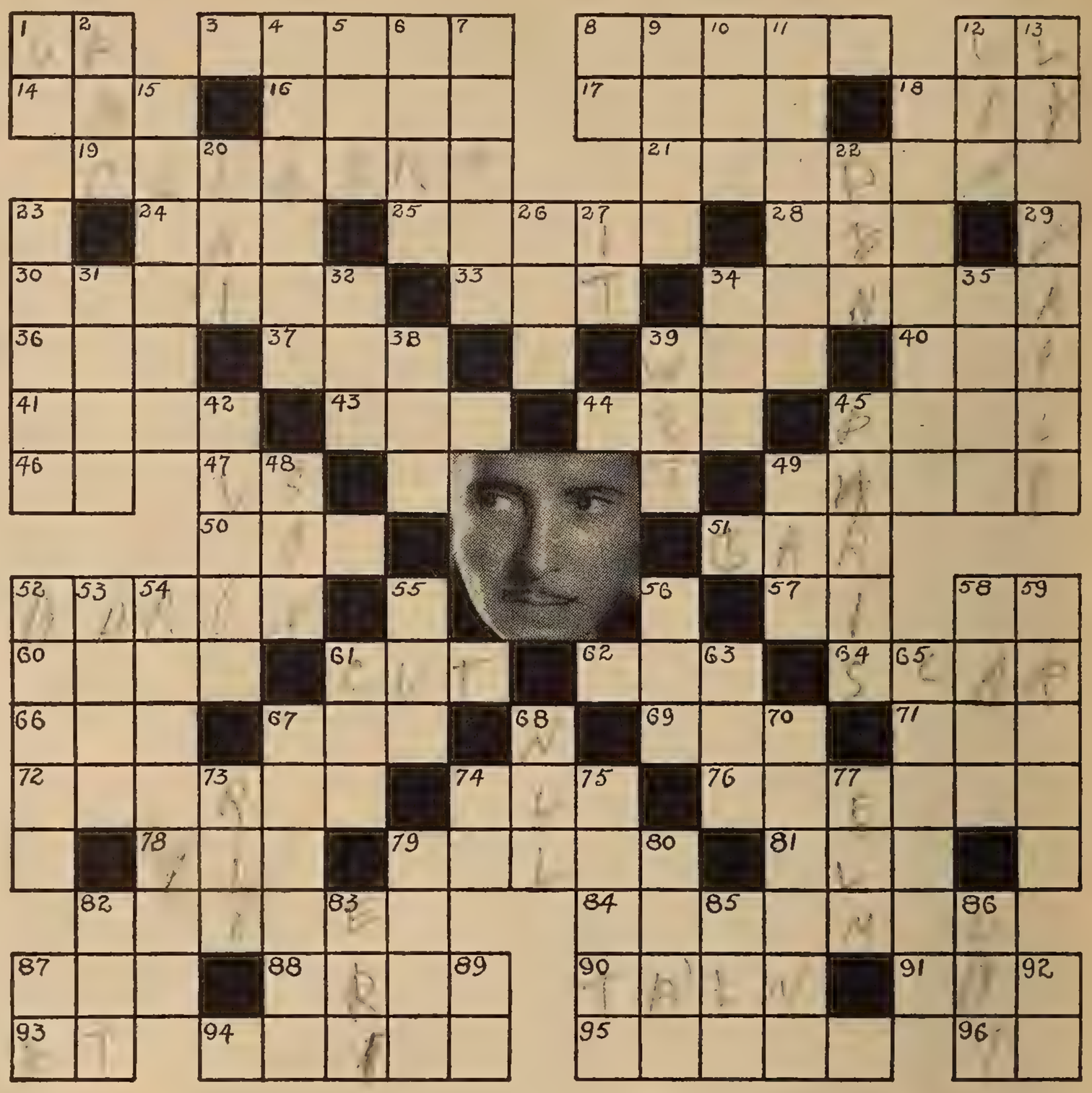
Name_____

St. and No._____

City_____ State_____ MC-A7

For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



HORIZONTAL

1. "Stand——and Cheer"
3. What a mouth this boy has!
8. Heroine of "Saturday's Millions"
12. Lee's initials
14. Swiss river
16. A medley
17. It's like a halo
18. *Eleanor* in "Manhattan Melodrama"
19. Plays the title role of "Cleopatra"
21. Eric's last name
24. Mrs. Joel McCrea,—— Dee
25. Karloff makes this type of picture
28. Theodore Newton's nickname
30. *Odette* in "Journal of a Crime"
33. Dorothy Jordan's nickname
34. What the English call the movies
36. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s home state (abbr.)
37. *Adam* in "Two Alone"
39. "I —— A Spy"
40. An outfit
41. Ordnance (abbr.)
43. —— Sunderland
44. *Morgan Andrews* in "Wine, Women and Song"
45. A Hawaiian Goddess
46. Pronoun
47. Director Sutherland's initials
49. What Carole Lombard's name used to be
50. Decay
51. "Wonder ——"
52. Jack Pearl's title
57. Mary Pickford was once "the —— ograph Girl"
58. Initials of a well-known producing company
60. The daughter of Nyx (Myth.)
61. A director's call to stop action
62. "—— Double Life"
64. Paul Muni made his greatest screen hit in "—— face"
66. Meaning it was said thus
67. *Rush* in "20 Million Sweethearts"
69. "The —— Wolf"
71. Do you remember when Myrna Loy looked ——ental?
72. Hepburn didn't just rise to stardom; she——
74. De Mille calls it a bath; some call it a——
76. *Judith Marlowe* in "Bottoms Up"
78. It takes g—— to get to the top
79. A springtime flower
81. Director Marin's initials
82. Much-mourned French screen actress
84. Hollywood's actor-director
87. This sign at the theatre means the picture is a hit
88. An Algerian seaport
90. A contraction of taken (Scotch)
91. "—— I'll Tell"
93. Estelle's initials
94. The heroine of "Side Streets"
95. *Lucky Davis* in "Come On, Marines"
96. Wing's initials

VERTICAL

1. Initials of a well-known producing company
2. The ocean near the movie city (abbr.)
4. *Revel* in "The Mystery of Mr. X"
5. "The Better ——"
6. Stars in love don't write; they ——
7. Lionel Barrymore is a —— actor
8. Hardie's initials
9. Christmastime
10. Andy Devine's home state (abbr.)
11. An insect
12. "The man of a thousand faces"
13. Loretta's initials
15. First name of the star in the center
18. *Aigo* in "Man of Two Worlds"
20. A Hawaiian wreath
22. Where Daniel met the lions
23. A star of Western pictures
26. He is married to Vilma Banky
27. "I Like —— That Way"
29. Conrad's last name
31. Any special knowledge
32. A period of time
34. Joseph —— thorn
35. The island where Venus was found
38. "This —— Is Mine"
39. "The —— Parade"
42. *Poppaea* was —— wife in "Sign of the Cross"
45. "The Worst Woman in ——?"
48. "—— of a Sailor"
49. Orchestra leader in "International House"
52. Old-fashioned nickname for Elizabeth
53. Every hero wants to be a Loth ——
54. *Harry* in "Wonder Bar"
55. "None —— the Brave"
56. Three-toed sloths
58. The weather's getting ——
59. *Elizabeth* in "Ever Since Eve"
61. The opposite of a gentleman
63. Where motion picture scenes are shot
65. Last name of star in the center
67. English for "gasoline"
68. Divorce —— lifies marriage
70. *Lewis Dodd* in "The Constant Nymph"
73. "Flying Down to ——"
74. A note of the scale
75. Enough; hold (music)
77. "——er, the Great"
79. Descriptive of Gary Cooper
80. Burn or scorch
82. What movie stars should be wedded to
83. Reporters v——fy rumors
85. A slippery fish
86. "We're —— Dressing"
87. The initials of Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
89. Neely's initials
92. *Julius Caesar* in "Cleopatra" (init.)

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

	R	O	B	E	R	T	I		P	I	E	R	S	O	N
G	A	L	E	■	O	A	K	L	A	N	D	■	A	N	I	S
O	F	■	N	E	I	L	■	O	■	K	I	N	G	■	C	H
L	T	S	■	A	L	■	I	N	N	■	T	O	■	L	E	E
D	■	L	A	■	S	O	S	■	A	S	H	■	L	O	■	A
W	H	I	T	E	■	S	L	I	N	K	■	V	I	D	O	R
Y	A	M	■	B	L	U	E	■	A	I	D	A	■	I	L	E
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D	I	■	M	U	N	I	■	■	O	D	A	Y	■	I	S	
I	N	A	■	N	E	V	A	■	O	R	I	N	■	S	E	T
A	G	N	E	S	■	A	M	E	N	T	■	T	I	A	R	A
M	■	N	D	■	A	N	E	■	L	H	D	■	F	L	■	N
O	N	A	■	A	D	■	S	L	Y	■	A	S	■	E	L	L
N	E	■	A	T	E	S	■	E	■	B	R	E	A	■	Y	E
D	E	A	N	■	L	E	D	E	R	E	R	■	L	A	D	Y
	D	A	N	I	E	L	S		G	E	O	R	G	I	A	

Advice to Blondes on Make-Up

by Genevieve Tobin

...As told to Florence Vondelle



GENEVIEVE TOBIN
AND
CARY GRANT IN

"Kiss and Make-Up"

A Paramount Picture produced by B. P. Schulberg

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction...so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

★ ★ ★

Whatever your type... blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.



POWDER... *Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Flesh Powder. Its lifelike color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satin-like make-up that will cling for hours.*

ROUGE... *The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge. Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; and its creamy-smooth texture make it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.*



LIPSTICK... *Lips accented in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of her lovely beauty. Perfect lip make-up! ...for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... *Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony*

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

JUST FILL IN the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*"... Free. 3-7-82 © 1934 Max Factor

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD.

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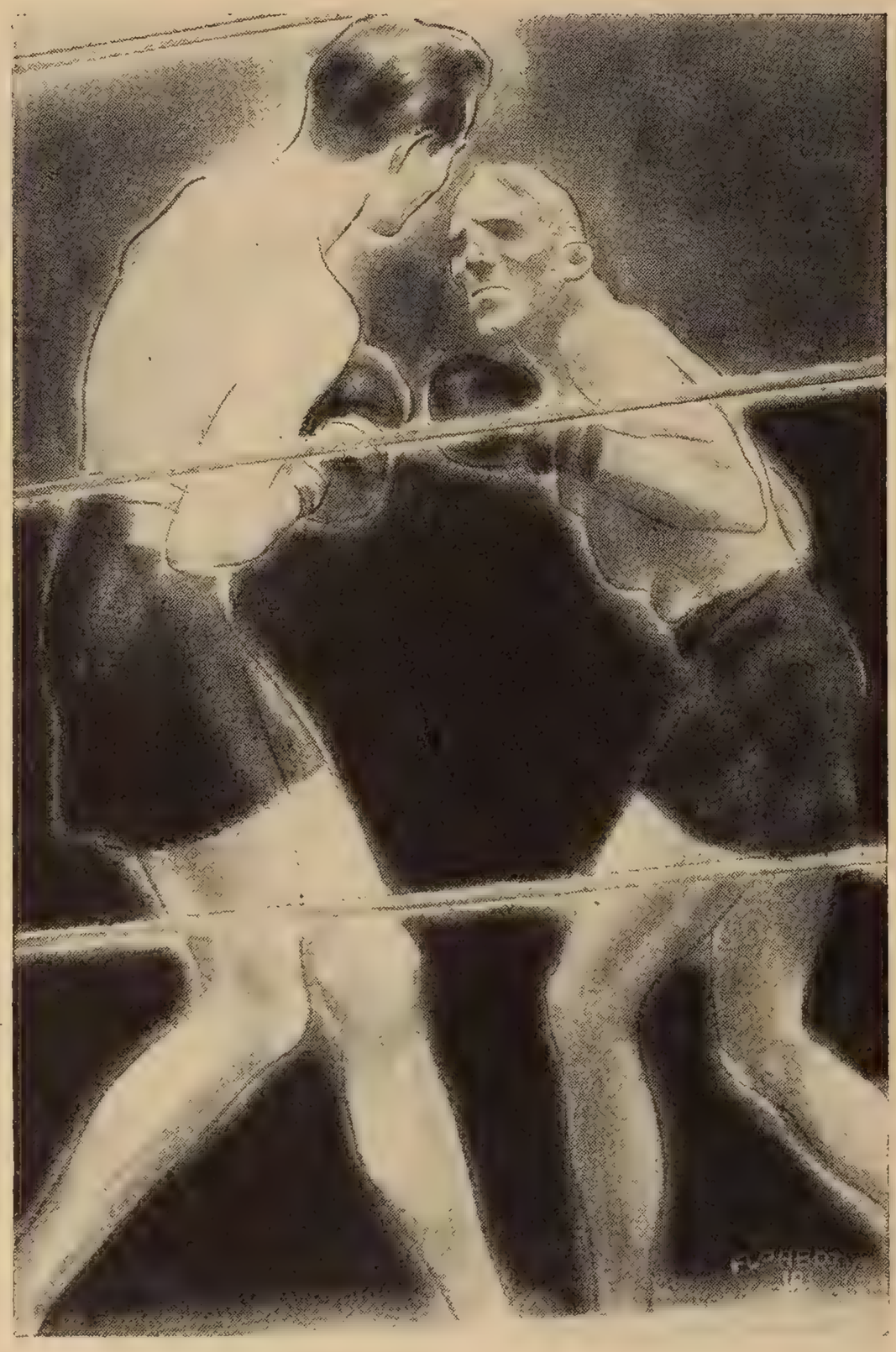
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He Had to Make Good

A True Hollywood Short, Short Story

By JACK GRANT



Illustrated by
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

HE was sixteen and his particular pal in those days was two years older. Born and raised in the city, both lads had known the sidewalks of New York as their only playground. School to them was merely an interlude in the day's hustle and noise.

Their heroes were the neighborhood barkeeps, gamblers, ward-heelers and prize-fighters. They did more than a little fighting, themselves—street brawls when the gang from Ninth Avenue met the gang from Tenth. Then there would be a rough-and-ready scrap. Any weapon at hand was used, if necessary.

One night there was nothing to do. The rival gangs had been put to rout several days before and had not as yet reorganized for further attack in the endless warfare of Ninth against Tenth Avenue.

"Got any ideas?" Hopefully, the sixteen-year-old appealed to his more adult friend.

"There's a prize fight on," suggested his pal.

"How can we get in?" scoffed the boy who had never seen a real, honest-to-goodness fight, but didn't want to admit it. "We haven't got the price."

"Come on, I'll show you. It's all in knowing the ropes."

Whether or not he actually "knew the ropes" was a question. Perhaps there was a doubt in his own mind, but having bragged, he had to deliver. So with all the confidence in the world, outwardly at least, he approached the doorman at the fight arena, the younger boy in tow.

"Professional," he muttered as he tried to pass in without paying.

"You're not a professional," the doorman objected. "I've seen you around before."

"Not me," the prospective gate-crasher said quickly. "It's the kid here. Ain't you never seen him fight? I'm his manager."

"I guess it's okay. Go on in." The doorman wasn't exactly impressed, but there were so many "ham-and-bean" scrappers hanging around his second-rate club that he couldn't be expected to know them all.

The boys could hardly suppress their grins at the success of their hoax. They found seats as near the ringside as they dared and sat watching the preliminary bout with wide eyes. The smaller of the battlers scored a knock-out in the third round. It was swell.

Then the lights went up and the boys settled back in their chairs to relax. But not for long. Across the arena, they sighted the doorkeeper pointing them out to a larger man. Could it be that their masquerade had been discovered? The big man might be the bouncer about to eject them ignominiously. They half-rose, ready to run, should their fears be realized.

"Which one of you fellows is a fighter?" the big man demanded.

The boys looked at one another. Should they bluff it through?

"I am," stammered the sixteen-year-old.

"Glad you're here. One of the guys who was to fight next didn't show up. I can switch the bouts and you can go on in his place. It's worth five bucks to you. Get ready in a hurry."

What to do? Not to take the fight would be to admit he had obtained a free admission upon false pretenses. Maybe he could be arrested for such an offense. *He had to make good.*

Fighting didn't look so hard. A smaller guy had just knocked out a heavier opponent. Besides, he was rated pretty handy with his fists in his own gang.

"All right," he said, nonchalantly (he hoped). And the next thing he knew, he was on the rub-down table . . . Those were horrible moments, when he climbed under the ropes and sat down in the corner they told him was his. The sea of faces seemed hostile through the haze of tobacco smoke. Surely, the crowd would know he was faking, would realize he had never fought before. He could feel the vein in his neck throbbing.

He stole a glance at the man he was to fight. No youngster, this. He looked tough. Swell muscles. And a cauliflower ear. He was in for it . . . The referee mumbled some instructions. The boy didn't understand, but couldn't ask him to repeat. Then the bell. The first round.

It was a slaughter. The other fellow hit him at will. But, somehow, the kid managed to stand up. One-sided as the fight was, there were no knock-downs. Three times the bell halted what might have been disaster. But the end of the fourth round, and of the fight, found the kid on his feet.

"Where did you ever fight?" the manager ironically asked as he paid off.

"Oh—lots of places." No use telling now. He had made good.

That was the first of twenty-two fights in the flyweight class. The kid got so that he was winning regularly. Ring experts told him there was a future for him in the game, possibly a championship. But meanwhile he had learned to dance. He hung up his gloves and swapped his ring shoes for a pair of dancing pumps. He did well at that game, too, had a future. Then he was given a rôle in a motion picture. He flipped a half-dollar and it decided his future for all time.

George Raft became an actor.

LAMPS STILL BLACKEN QUICKLY

—if you buy them carelessly



The smoked-up chimney of the old-fashioned kerosene lamp has its modern prototype in the inferior incandescent lamp!

Premature blackening of lamp bulbs due to the presence of "water vapor" or from other causes adds to the cost of light. They are unsightly too! As bad as grandmother's chimney when the flame was too high.

Avoid premature blackening, as well as other expensive imperfections, by looking for the famous General Electric monogram Ⓖ on every lamp you buy—for any purpose. Get *all* the light you pay for by being careful. Don't merely ask for a light bulb. Say: "I want General Electric MAZDA lamps." General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For Good Light at Low Cost

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS



"IT'S MY BUSINESS To look beautiful

..that's why I changed to LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.



Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is *different!*

Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to *your* teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains *twice as much*—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Bernice Lorimor shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.

MOVIE CLASSIC'S *New* CLOSE-UPS OF PLAYERS WHO ARE NEWS

Dolores Del Rio is news because she has made a sensational return to films. Now she's topping her hits in "Flying Down to Rio" and "Wonder Bar" by being a still different Dolores—as "Madame Du Barry," the courtesan who changed French history. And you'll see a new *Du Barry*, too!

DU BARRY LIVES AGAIN

You seldom see the madonna-like Ann in a swimming suit—but swim she does, in a pool hewn out of rock at her hilltop home. And since Hollywood thinks "Harding Heights" must be lonely, the town keeps wondering if she and Harry Bannister won't remarry. Meanwhile, she is getting into deep water in "The Life of Vergie Winters"—defying a whole town because of a great love



HOW SOON WILL
ANN HARDING
TAKE THE PLUNGE?

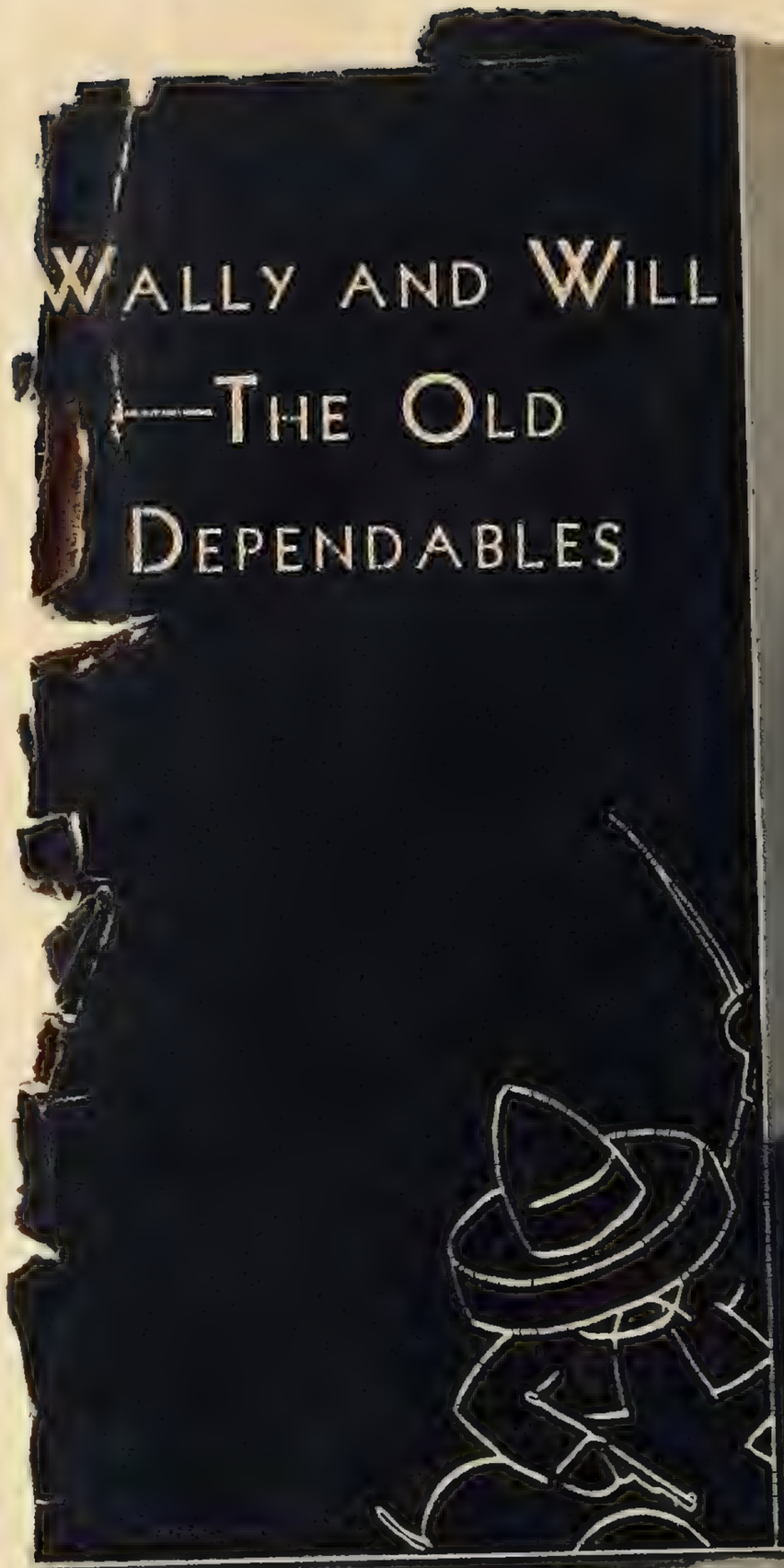


Sidney Fox is back, smiling, after an absence of more than a year. And the mite-iest star, recently divorced, feels carefree enough to add considerably to the gaiety of nations in "Down to Their Last Yacht." It's a musical comedy about some bankrupt millionaires who have a shipwreck

DO SIDNEY AND BETTE LOOK ANY DIFFERENT TO YOU?

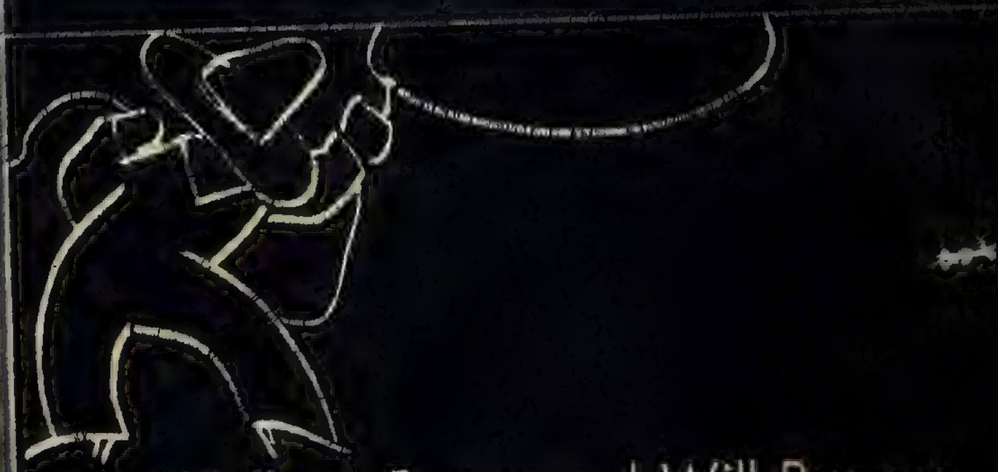
Bette Davis is doing something new —and a thing that no self-important beauty would do. She's playing an unsympathetic rôle —that of the callous heart-breaker in Leslie Howard's life in "Of Human Bondage." In other words—"the girl you'll love to hate"!

WALLY AND WILL —THE OLD DEPENDABLES









Wallace Beery and Will Rogers never let you down. They're always real. Wally, forgetting how Mexican he was in "Viva Villa," is now that peg-legged pirate, *Long John Silver*, in "Treasure Island." And Will, the ex-cowboy, is willingly roped into being a small-town druggist in "Handy Andy"

JEAN PARKER LIVING A CINDERELLA STORY

Cinderellas are rare in Hollywood these days, but so are Jean Parkers. The girl who has captured the heart of everyone—young or old, male or female—was a "mother's helper" before the movies found her. Jean lived on dreams then; now she's a dream living—as you'll see in "Operator 13"

JACK HOLT—CIVILIZED HE-MAN

Remember how, in pictures, Jack used to go to the dogs? Now, the dogs go to Jack—hounds being hero-worshipers. For he has packed away the duds that typed him as rough-and-ready—and has become an emotional hero. If you saw him in "Whirlpool," watch for "Black Moon"!

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

★★ Two *lovable frocks* whose future is rosy if washed with pure IVORY FLAKES!





Lord & Taylor

In New York, you'll find these two frocks at Lord & Taylor's, the famous Fifth Avenue store that's a godmother to American fashions. And these were designed by Elizabeth Hawes, one of America's finest!

They are made of Suavelle* a sleek silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed six times in the lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes—and after the sixth washing looks as lovely as new! That's the beauty of using Ivory Flakes—they're quick melting curls of pure Ivory Soap—so safe, that goodness knows why you'd ever risk using any other soap flakes!

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

LEFT FROCK: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience . . . the collar buttons high or unbuttons low . . . Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Washes like a charm with pure Ivory Flakes!

RIGHT FROCK: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons . . . the crisper one is made of colored duck. Tubs like a handkerchief in lukewarm Ivory suds!

the famous New York store, says: "Wash these silk frocks with **IVORY FLAKES**"

They have to take in emotions to give them out. You can prove it by thinking over the best pictures of any stars you want to name. They were in love when they made them! And when they are out of love, you can tell the difference by their acting



Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy in love? She denied it—but their acting in "A Man's Castle" said just the opposite

Stars in LOVE Make

THE hectic loves of Hollywood have an actual dollars-and-cents value at the box office. They mean money for the producers—and better pictures for you. A check-up of the screen successes of the last five years proves undeniably that stars in love make more memorable pictures than stars out of love, between loves, without love or even placidly and domestically contented.

"It isn't only our outward selves that are photographed," Janet Gaynor once said. "It's our hearts, our feelings. We can't hide them from the camera." Janet knew what she was talking about.

Hollywood directors are geniuses, many of them. But even they can't make a great picture with a woman who may be a star, but may also be a bored wife, a dissatisfied divorcée, or an unawakened girl. On the other hand, with Love as an Assistant Director on the picture, they can turn a mediocre star into a great emotional actress, quivering with tremulous, vibrant powers that she does not suspect in herself.



Garbo, interested in Rouben Mamoulian, was a new person in "Queen Christina"

Invariably, the great successes that have either made new stars or confirmed a player's right to stardom are synchronized with an overwhelming love experienced at the moment in their private lives. This is true of Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Ruth



Who will ever forget Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven"? Or believe they weren't in love then?

Their Pictures Should TELL ALL

Do stars in love make better pictures—and do stars out of love make indifferent ones? You should be able to test the theory in the next few months. Here would be some proofs:

If Katharine Hepburn is in love and about to marry again, as rumored, "Joan of Arc" should be her greatest picture to date.

If Dolores Del Rio's marriage to Cedric Gibbons is headed for the rocks, as rumored, "Du Barry" should reflect her unhappiness.

If Joan Crawford should be even better in "Sacred and Profane Love" than in "Dancing Lady," when she and Franchot Tone were That Way, would that indicate a new love—Francis Lederer, perhaps?

"The Green Hat" should reveal whether Constance Bennett is falling in or out of love.

If Anna Sten is as magnetic and vibrant in "Resurrection" as in "Nana," you should be able to set down her marriage to Dr. Eugen Frenke as one of Hollywood's happiest.



"Dancing Lady" was a comeback for Joan Crawford, after several indifferent pictures. Franchot Tone was the reason!

MOVIE CLASSIC
You'll Read It in
THESE PAGES FIRST

BETTER PICTURES



Barbara Stanwyck has never given a poor performance. She has never been out of love. Frank Fay isn't just her husband; he is also her inspiration. She *lives* her screen emotions!

Chatterton, Kay Francis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—and countless others. They all ride on the crest of the wave—they realize their latent greatness when glamour touches their lives in the hours they are away from the studio, when LOVE means something to them besides an emotion to be simulated before camera and microphone. Sometimes they are able to keep their new loves from their most intimate friends—sometimes even from Walter Winchell. But they give away their secret to the camera!

Garbo in Love Made History

GARBO'S career may well be divided into three cycles: the Garbo of "The Torrent"; the Garbo of "Flesh and the Devil"; the Garbo of "Queen Christina." And these three periods have been the emotion-laden days of her life.

Mauritz Stiller, the great Swedish director, who brought her to this country, was then her god to be adored. Before him she poured out her young and fledgling love; the camera captured that intangible, gleaming state of her spirit—and the Garbo of "The Torrent" was, overnight, a flaming, glorious star.

It was not until "Flesh and the Devil"—when her romance with John Gilbert was scorching on and off the set—that Garbo again inflamed the world with her genius. In this picture she was not an impenetrable, somber woman of mystery, but a radiant girl, eyes humid with

(*Continued on page 58*)



A new romance made Doug Fairbanks, Jr. (above) a star in "Catherine the Great"!



Frances Dee's romance with Joel McCrea started during "The Silver Cord." So did her rise in films!



WHY THE YEN FOR BRITISH MEN?

By RICHARD ENGLISH

What is this subtle appeal that the Britons have—that has made them the white-haired boys of Hollywood and the favorites of movie-goers the world over? Here's the answer—about each and every one of them!

WITH suave bedroom deadliness, Herbert Marshall has stolen Maurice Chevalier's laurels as the screen's most sophisticated lover; Leslie Howard has become the idol of the idealists and is rated as the most superb actor of all the cinema heroes; Clive Brook goes his imperturbable way as the most consistently capable leading man on the screen; for the eighth year Ronald Colman retains his garland as the king of romantic charm, and Charles Laughton wins the Academy award for the best performance of 1933! What cinematic crown remains for Hollywood's home-bred hopefuls? It's far more than just a "yen" for British men——it's an avalanche of applause and appreciation and genuine liking!



For eight years, women have been falling hard for the romantic charm of Ronald Colman (top). Leslie Howard (above) is the idol of the idealists, the screen's most sensitive lover





Herbert Marshall (above) is Hollywood's new idea of a suave, sophisticated lover—and the world seems to be seconding the motion. And Hugh Williams (left), who makes his American bow in "All Men Are Enemies," has a boyish straightforwardness that Hollywood is finding irresistible

American actors are acquiring English accents and manners—while the bona-fide Britons are acquiring the fat parts. Why? Hollywood Don Juans are almost completely ignored in the beauties' rush for the English invaders. Why? And above all, WHY are these reserved, taciturn screen lovers the heart-accelerators to fans and stars alike? It has become more and more appar-

ent that the ladies of the screen and the ladies of the audience prefer men who are not so rough and ready—Britons, whose casual approach and subtleties lead to conquests that are unadorned by slaps or endearment with well-aimed grapefruit!

In the case of Leslie Howard vs. all American competition, his shy and grave charm has overwhelmed any possible contenders. Like Charles Laughton, he has brought to the screen superior talent, rather than flashy personality; a great artistry, instead of histrionics. Each and every one of these Englishmen has poise and diction that others envy, but cannot emulate. Ronald Colman's ironic and bitter charm has not once had a first-rate challenger. Now Harry Wilcoxon, who is playing the rôle of *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra," has Johnny Weissmuller peering dubiously into his mirror.

Whether it's in physique,





Clive Brook—probably the most British-looking of any of John Bull's boys in Hollywood—has women stars constantly battling for him as leading man



Nigel Bruce (above) is a British newcomer of assurance and poise—and a specialist in light comedy. And Hollywood is Bruce-conscious already!



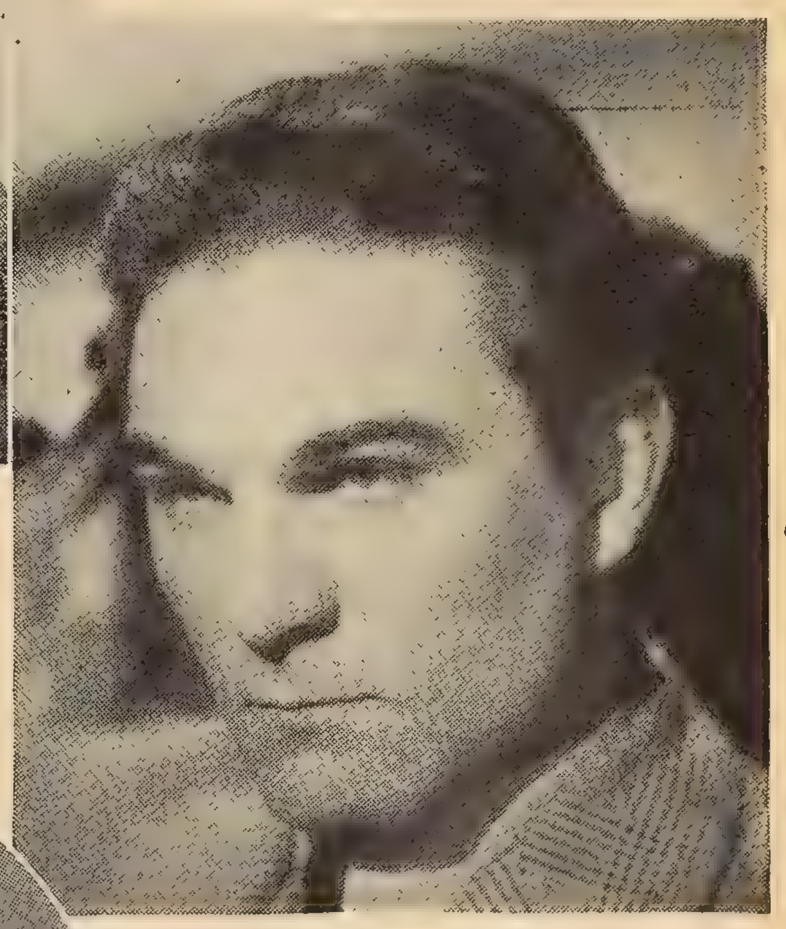
Charles Laughton—well, once you see him play a rôle, you don't forget that rôle. He won the Academy award for the best acting of 1933. In other words, the award went to a Briton!

poise or personality, these foreign favorites can give many American actors cards and spades and beat them hands down! And Hollywood has learned to take it and like it, as the English dominance has become more and more permanent.

Adding insult to injury, another newcomer from across the sea—Hugh Williams—threatens to complete the British monopoly in things Hollywood. After previewing his first American picture, "All Men Are Enemies," Fox Studio all but broke out with the Union Jack over the administration building. Still in his twenties, Hugh has had ten years of London and Broadway success and is heir apparent to the throne of King of the Juveniles.

With a boyish straightforwardness, the Williams personality has studio publicity men in paroxysms of praise, and actresses are fighting over who shall personally conduct his tour of Hollywood. Unmarried, handsome and personable, Hugh appears destined to capture an extra-curricular title—that of the screen's most eligible young man. His first picture rôle in "Rome Express," an

Weissmuller, watch out! For below is a British lad—Harry Wilcoxon—who has a powerful physique and a he-man manner. He is *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra"



English picture, brought him his contract; and Hollywood Lotharios are already ruing the day he arrived.

Leslie Howard, Artist

FROM his first day on the camera coast, Leslie Howard has been a crusader for finer and better pictures. He has consistently refused any binding, long-term contracts, preferring to work on a two- or three-picture plan in which he selects the pictures. And his selections to date have been infallible. Leslie taught producers that the public could not only understand, but *wanted* different pictures. Two of his greatest successes have been in "Outward Bound"

(*Continued on page 56*)



MOVIE CLASSIC
QUICKEST
to Tell the Newest News

She dares to be different—she doesn't play the game Hollywood's way—and the movie colony resents that. But Margaret isn't likely to change and "go Hollywood"!

Margaret SULLAVAN, Hollywood's PET PEEVE

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

This is one of the most penetrating, analytical stories we have ever run. And it not only gives you a complete picture of Margaret Sullavan; it also is a commentary on Hollywood—which has proved itself unforgiving toward a star who tries to be herself and doesn't put on an act. For, as the author says, you can apparently do anything you want to do in Hollywood—except to be different, as Margaret Sullavan is.—*Editor.*

HOLLYWOOD can be set on its ear—and how! So let's talk about the girl who has been under its pink skin for the past six or eight months; the lass who is so entirely different that she has given the whole Village of Make-Believe acute mental bunions. We mean Margaret Sullavan, Hollywood's Pet Peeve.

You'll agree that she must be interesting to ruffle the calm of this blasé, skeptical, sophisticated and altogether bored habitat of celebrities—and what-not. In this land of tuxedo-swimming, bathing-suit polo and hob-nailed dancing, what sort of act do you think it took to put the town's equilibrium in a tailspin and its denizens in high dudgeon?

Just no act at all—and that's what has scorched Hollywood. Not to stage an act is the one thing our Borough of Pretense can't understand—or tolerate. If you don't pull a few Houdini or Garbo or sleight-of-hand performances, Hollywood becomes suspicious, and grows impatient for you to start doing your stuff. To put on no act at all is being "different," and Hollywood doesn't like people who are different, who don't obey the Hollywood rules.

You may be "original," eccentric, wild, high-hat, communistic, bizarre, odd, temperamental, exotic, psychic, intellectual, vibrative, or plain crazy; but never, never different. Because if you are different, you don't play Hollywood's game, and that is the unpardonable sin in these here parts.

If you think it isn't, just ask Margaret Sullavan. Or, better yet, read any of the charming little stories that have been written about her during the past year; or lend your ear to a bit of local gossip about her. What you hear will convince you that it doesn't pay to be different, and Margaret *is* different—and how! (We almost said "different, thank God!")

What Makes Hollywood Sore

THERE is a definite reason why Margaret Sullavan's name has not been put on Hollywood's cheering list, but has been inscribed, instead, very, very near the top of the raspberry roster. She positively will not play the way Hollywood likes to play.

In this Town of Talk the height of ill-breeding is to fail to return compliment for compliment, blah for blah, and gush for gush—and not to put on act for act and pretense for pretense. And that's just what Margaret won't do—

(*Continued on page 64*)

HEPBURN NEEDED THOSE SPANKINGS!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"Katharine the Great" has taken several slaps and cuffs from Fate since she left Hollywood for the East last winter. But the "spankings" have done her more good than bouquets would have. Anyway, she has proved she "could take them"!

"KATHARINE HEPBURN is through already," the rumor hounds are saying these days. "Her spirit's broken by all the defeats she has had lately." To that our answer is "Pish!", "Tosh!" and likewise "Phooey!" But there is no denying that the vital and amazing Hepburn—who appeared unheralded on the screen two years ago in the preview of "A Bill of Divorcement" and sent long-established lady stars home with the jitters—has struck several snags recently.

The high-handed young lady with the expressive nostrils and mobile mouth, who arrived in Hollywood in a weird hat that looked like a college mortarboard on a binge, has been not only a seven days' wonder, but a seventy-times-seven days' wonder to the Movie Capital. Accepting the not-always-willing homage of stars, directors, producers, fans and interviewers as one born to the purple, Katharine Hepburn has steadily increased the awe in which Hollywood holds her—*without increasing her personal popularity.*

The decision of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences typifies her position in the film colony. Nine hundred members of the Academy voted on the actress to receive the award for the finest work of last year. A jury of her peers gave Hepburn the honor—by a large majority, it is said. But when the announcement of the award was made at the Academy dinner, few applauded. Will Rogers, master of ceremonies, bluntly admitted that he "had been kinda sad all evening because he couldn't give the prize to May Robson." Hepburn's selection was the most unanimous and most unpopular ever made by the Academy.

Why All the Rumors?

BUT why, with RKO-Radio urging their greatest—if most inexplicable and exasperating star—to return to make a picture, with every screen magazine carrying Hepburn covers and stories, with newspapers Hepburn-conscious, with a British company offering her $200,000 for one picture, why should there be persistent rumors that her star is waning?

Perhaps, with Hollywood, the wish is parent of the

(*Continued on page 60*)



Hollywood is saying that Katharine Hepburn's spirit is "broken," because of the figurative blows she has sustained on her cocky chin. But Katharine isn't discouraged so easily. She will soon be back—making "Joan of Arc"

By GLADYS HALL



Edmund Lowe is staying on in the Beverly Hills house (above)—because of its memories of Lilyan Tashman. And Lilyan once told him: "I want you to go on living here, as we have always done, living your life, having a good time . . ."



LILYAN.

"SHE died as every beautiful woman wants to die, I think, while she was still young and beautiful; she went out as every fine trouper wants to go, still trouping; the curtain went down on her greatest performance—" there was silence for a moment in the garden that Lilyan Tashman has left, and then her husband added, under his breath, "and what a *great* performance it was!" Then, too, for the first and only time during our morning's talk together, Edmund Lowe's gray eyes dimmed with tears under his suddenly silvered hair. He wears his sorrow as a crown, I thought, in that hair, suddenly turned.

"Her courage was a miracle to me," he said. "Only I know how she suffered, what excruciating agonies, and only I know how gallantly she bore them . . ."

We were sitting in the garden at the back of Lilyan's house—still so much Lilyan's house that her presence has not gone away from it. Within that house not a picture is changed, not an ornament moved. In the drawing room, with its white walls and soft salmon-pink chairs and divans and white taffeta cushions; its gleam of softly polished wood and crystal and porcelain, its framed pictures of Lilyan and Ed together, always together, there lingers the presence of Lilyan so potently, so individually, that you know why Ed has chosen to remain here, with her.

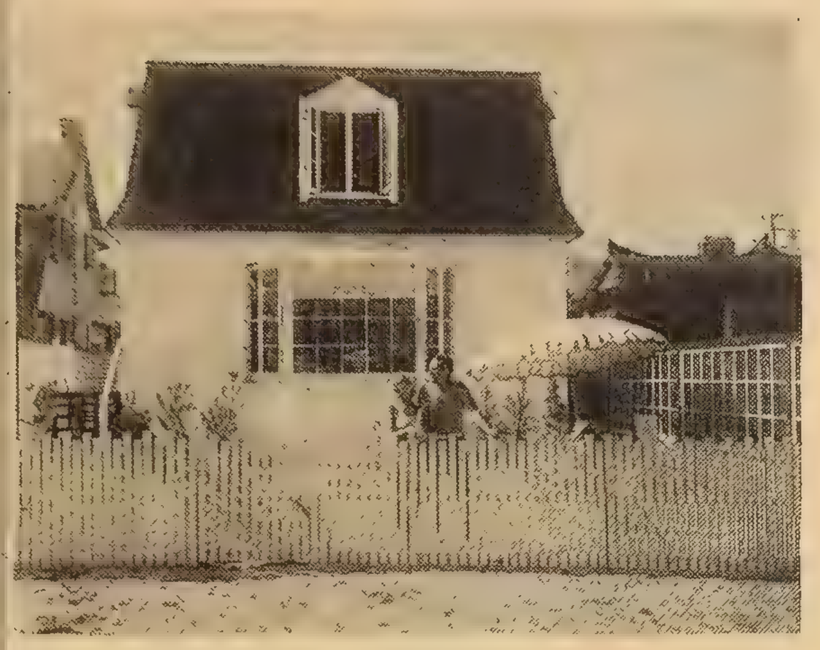
He said, "She *is* still here—you know, I believe that. I believe that she can see the house, see me here, in it."

On the grand piano, painted white and amusing with its frieze of painted Pans and goat-like gods, stands a picture of Lilyan and Ed taken at the Darryl Zanuck "Bowery" party only last December. Lilyan was wearing pink tulle and a wide picture hat of the Gay Nineties—Lilyan who, dying, was the gayest of the gay.

Upstairs, at the head of the steps, on their glass shelves, is Lilyan's collection of hands—porcelain hands, Lalique hands, jade hands, china hands, all with their tapering white forefingers pointing upward. Upstairs, too, her room is as she left it, with its white walls and rugs, white



Only to a close friend could Edmund Lowe have told what you will read here—his most vivid memories of Lilyan Tashman; the untold story of their last days together. It is his tribute to her as a woman, as an actress and as a wife



Lilyan loved this little cottage at Malibu Beach, where she and Eddie so often held "open house." She planned and decorated it—entirely in red and white

screen with a great black and white zebra rampant across it, flowers in silver vases, the framed photograph of Ed near to the white moire bed where the eyes that loved him best could see him morning and night. In a French cabinet stand rows and rows of Lilyan's slippers, velvets and brocades and satins, seeming to wait for the dancing feet that loved to dance to the end. Across the hall is the room that Lilyan had done for Ed before she left on her last trip to New York; the room that she planned in every detail and never saw, completed.

Had Flair for Feminine Things

"SHE had a flair for this sort of thing," Ed told me. "She had a flair for home-making, for smart dressing, for all of the feminine things. I have often seen her, in a hotel lobby, or on the street and have thought, 'There is an attractive girl,' and haven't recognized her until we were face to face. She had the quality of unexpectedness—and she loved this place, our home, more than anything else in the world.

"We bought the property together. We built the house in the days when we had to have a building and loan company carry the mortgage for us. We paid it all off, together. You don't give away a tie or a watch that has been given to you by someone you love, do you? Why should I give away or leave this home that Lilyan gave to me? Because, if you know what I mean, she *did* give it to me.

"With all of her professional interests, she never left the house in the morning without first going into the kitchen to give her orders to the cook. It was always 'Have roast-beef tonight, the way Mr. Lowe likes it' or 'Fix the dessert this way—Mr. Lowe is especially fond of it.' Her last act, last thoughts before she left home each day were to plan and arrange this room for me."

Ed said, "I knew last August what was ahead. And here is the most heart-

(*Continued on page 66*)



Edmund Lowe, now alone, remembers only too vividly how beautiful Lilyan looked on his arm at the Mayfair Ball last February—and how she masked her suffering



Wide World

REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT



20th CENTURY

You've heard about "the battle of the century"? Wait till you see the battle of the "20th Century"—between Carole Lombard and John Barrymore. She plays an actress with a temper; he plays a producer with a temperament



CHANGE OF HEART

When they first land in New York to battle the world after college, Charles Farrell is sweet on Ginger Rogers, who is cuh-razy about James Dunn, who likes Janet Gaynor, who is fond of Charlie. And they all have a "Change of Heart"



LITTLE MISS MARKER

Are you Shirley Temple-conscious yet? Well, you will be after you see her as the orphan who is willed to Adolphe Menjou, shabby racetrack "bookie." Dorothy Dell and Charles Bickford help to make things colorful and amusing

20th CENTURY—Columbia

Barrymore Is a Riot!

THIS "20th Century" moves faster than the train it gets its name from, is as mad as March hares are supposed to be and gives everybody—including the cast—an uproarious, mirthful holiday. It is, to put it bluntly, a wow. You can blame that partly on Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who wrote the story and the sharp—nay, killing—dialogue; and John Barrymore, in the leading rôle, can take the rest of the censure for making all previous screen comedies of the year look lifeless and laughless by comparison.

John is a long-haired theatrical producer who has delusions of genius, fits of temperament, and a passion for Carole Lombard, with whom he had once battled after changing her from *Mildred Plotka*, a dumb tenement queen, into *Lily Garland*, "world's greatest actress." On the *20th Century*, returning from Chicago, he again meets her; she's returning from Hollywood with her new manager and new love, Ralph Forbes. And Barrymore, broke, tries every conceivable ruse to get her under contract—even taking ideas from a harmless lunatic and two whiskered members of a Passion Play cast; and finally doing some acting, himself, that is excruciatingly melodramatic. It's a keen, devastating, constantly hilarious satire of the humbugs of the world. You can't afford to miss it—or Barrymore, who runs wild as he never before has on the screen and "chews the scenery" as only a novice or a mad wag could. Carole, let it be known, outdoes herself as *Lily Garland*, matching his mad melodramatics. In fact, the whole cast, which also includes Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison and Etienne Girardot, gets into the spirit of the thing!

CHANGE OF HEART—Fox

Gaynor-Farrell Have a Gay Reunion

"CHANGE OF HEART" is one of those pictures that the Great American Public cries for, and seldom gets. It not only has that down-to-earth love team, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—reunited after two years; it also has that playful pair, James Dunn and Ginger Rogers; and it also has a story that twists and turns, con-

stantly surprises, constantly entertains. Half a comedy, half a human interest story, it is more than half-amusing.

Janet, Charlie, Jimmy and Ginger are four California collegians who band together, invade New York, and are determined to make good in the big city. Janet loves Charlie; he loves Ginger; she is smitten with Jimmy; and he, in turn, is sweet on Janet—which gives you an idea of the amusing tangle that the plot is in, to begin with. Then things began to happen to the foursome that pull their heart-strings (and yours) this way and that; exciting things, as well as amusing things—exciting, that is, in a mild way. You feel that Janet and Charlie will eventually be in each other's arms, and that Jimmy may discover Ginger's attractions, but you don't foresee just how that will happen. In other words, the picture has *some* suspense. It's not a great picture, by any means, but it's worth anybody's movie money. The principals get good support from such old dependables as Beryl Mercer and Gustav von Seyffertitz, and from that little scene-stealer, Shirley Temple. But Jimmy Dunn walks off with the high honors.

LITTLE MISS MARKER—

Paramount

You'll Love Her—and You'll Laugh

SPEAKING of the aforementioned Miss Temple, the Temple bells will be ringing after "Little Miss Marker" gets around. She plays the title rôle with Helen Hayes reality and appeal that will get under the toughest hides. In fact, that's just what the story shows her doing. Orphaned by the suicide of her gambling father, she is willed to a shabby racetrack bookie, Adolphe Menjou (it's his first "shabby" rôle, and does he eat it up!), who doesn't know what to do with her. "Keep her!" advise his hard-boiled buddies, who go soft about her and even pretend to be King Arthur's Knights for her sake. And where does the dramatic conflict enter it? Dorothy Dell takes to the child and that irks tough Charles Bickford, who gets vengeful.

It's a colorful tale, from the pen of Damon Runyon, who wrote "Lady for a Day"—and in its tough characters trying to be

(*Continued on page 70*)



SADIE McKEE

Joan Crawford is again battling the world—not to mention men-about-town—in "Sadie McKee." Millionaires just naturally gravitate to spunky little girls, it must be. Franchot Tone, after some difficulties, wins her this time



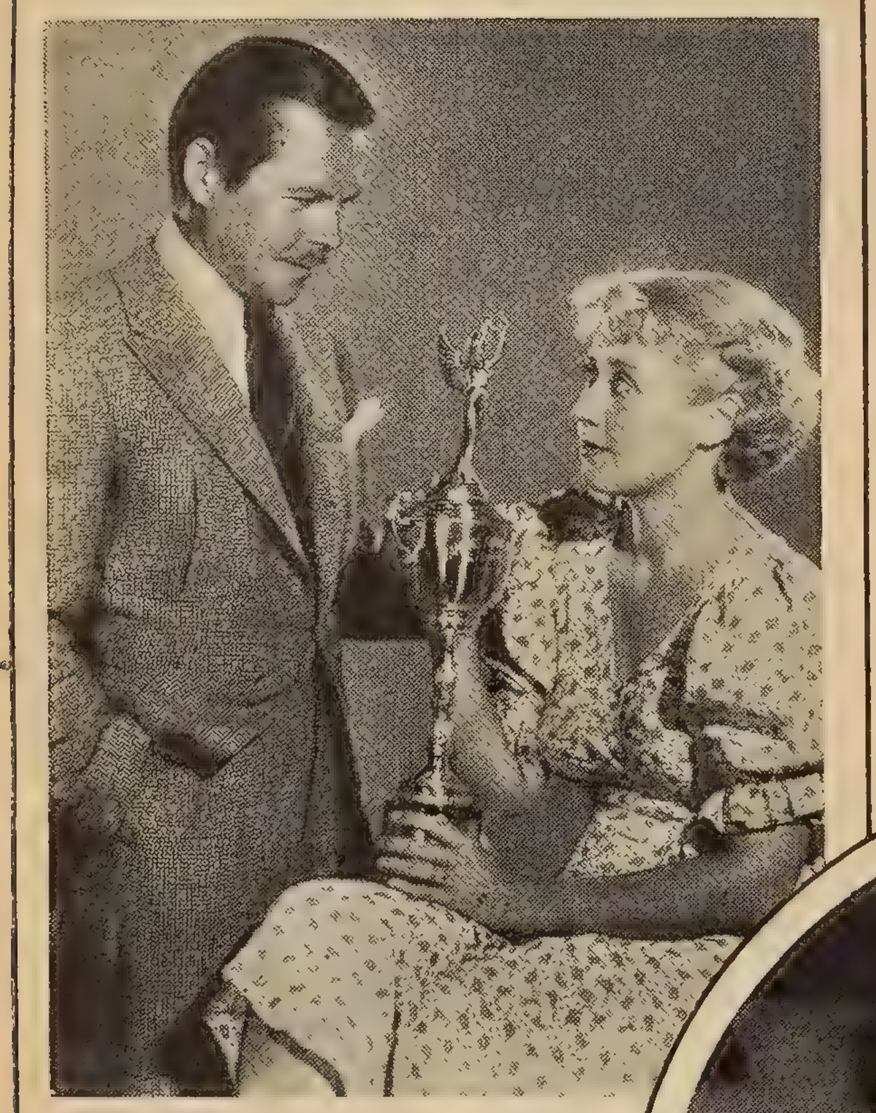
HE WAS HER MAN

James Cagney has to do some fast thinking in "He Was Her Man"—faced with being put "on the spot." And one of the things he wonders about is whether or not he should take Joan Blondell away from Victor Jory, her husband-to-be



THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS

As you can see above, "Thirty-Day Princess" has a New York background. Sylvia Sidney is there both asa real princess, and as a girl who doubles for her, making a big impression with Cary Grant, who publishes newspapers and is hard-boiled



"I knew I picked a winner!" cameraman George Barnes tells his wife, Joan Blondell. She recently won this trophy from the Wampas as the 1931 Baby Star who has made the most progress



Elizabeth Allan is back from England at last—but maybe she wouldn't be here even now if hubby W. J. O'Bryen hadn't come along with her. He was the reason why she stayed away so long; they can't bear separation



Wide World

Charles Laughton wasn't around when Hollywood voted him the best actor of 1933—he was in voluntary exile in England, acting on the stage. But he's back now—with his hair long for his rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." With him is his wife, Elsa Lanchester, who is in Doug Fairbanks' new picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan"



Amalgamated

The boy grows older—and Dad is proud of him. And, from the look of things, William Powell is in the confidence of William, Jr., his son by his first wife. On Big Bill's days off, they're usually together



Acme

Jean Harlow (left), with Norma Shearer, smiled as maid-of-honor at the wedding of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, but the next day, Jean announced that her own marriage to Hal Rosson was all over!

MOVIE CLASSIC'S HOLLYWOOD SCOOPS

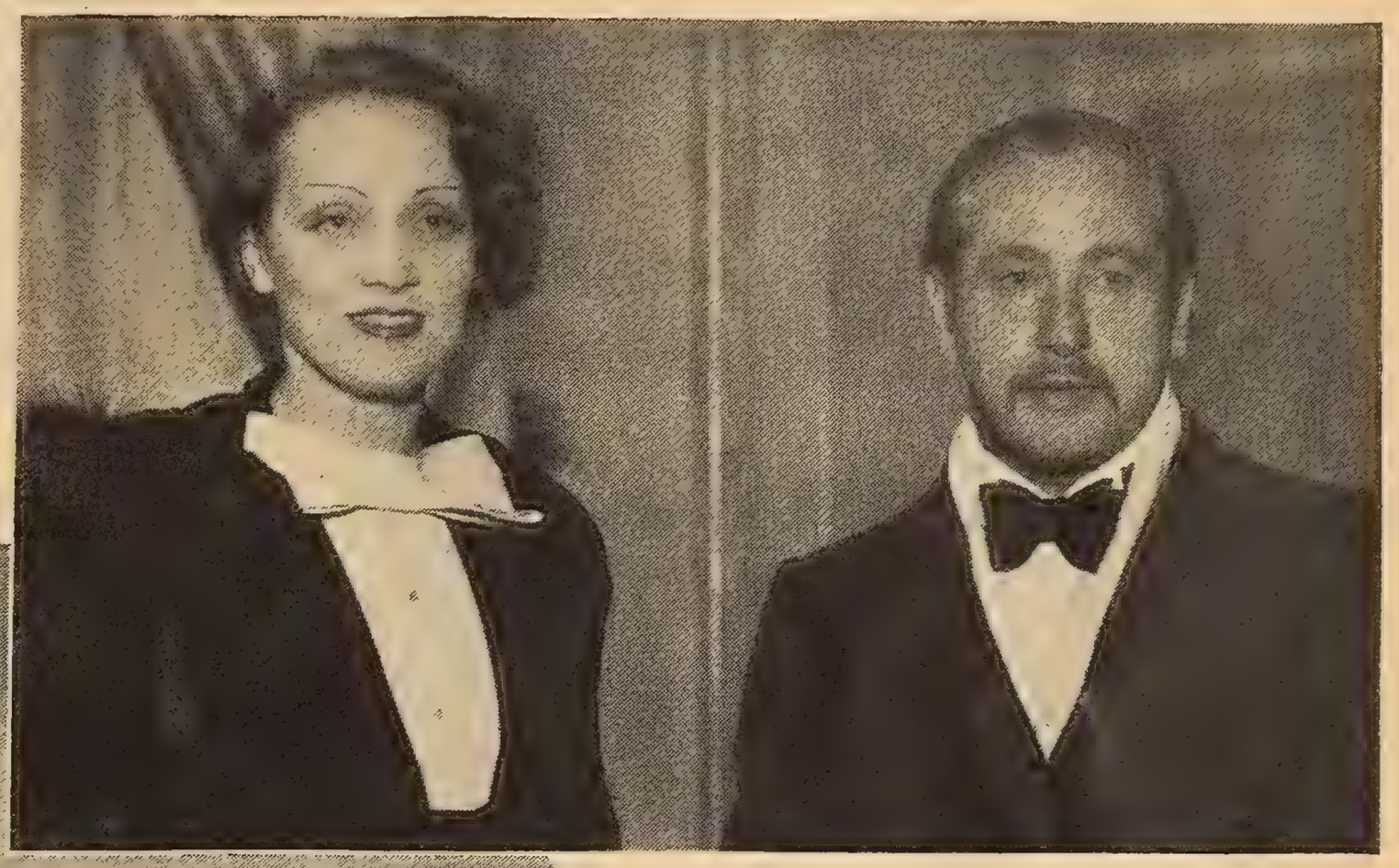
DIETRICH AND VON STERNBERG RUMORED RIFTED; DITTO MAE WEST AND JAMES TIMONY

Famous Star-Director Combination Reported to Have Disagreed about New Film; and After Fifteen Years, Mae West and Her Manager Seem to Have Had a Tiff

By DOROTHY DONNELL

HOLLYWOOD breaks up other things besides marriages—such things as friendships, long business associations, director-and-star combinations. It may be that it has broken up two of the most famous teams of Hollywood—namely, Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg, and Mae West and James Timony.

Not long ago director von Sternberg and his star had an argument on the set of "Scarlet Empress," and as the German actress rushed away, Von raised hisarmstoheaven and made the now-famous remark, "I have created a *Frankenstein!*"



Marlene Dietrich and director Josef von Sternberg (above), famous for their picture teamwork, are said to have had serious differences over "Scarlet Empress." And while Mae West says that James Timony (with her, left) is still her manager, there are signs that she is managing by herself



Acme

That argument, gossip now hints, was nothing compared to the remarks made by Marlene in the studio cutting-room (an apt place for cutting remarks), as she watched herself as *Catherine the Great* almost lost among granite monsters, grotesque shadows and weird camera angles. In effect, her remarks ran as follows: "I shall not stay! I shall go home! Your gargoyles have more chance to act than your actors! I am tired of Art!"

It is said that the star and director each did their own cutting of the picture, producing two very different versions. Which of these versions will reach the public remains to be seen. If it is Von's, say Marlene's intimates, she may up and accept the offer that Hitler made her last year and return to Germany to head the new, struggling all-Aryan film industry there. Husband Rudolph Sieber has rushed to her side.

Mae West and her trusted friend and manager, James Timony, are another twosome who may not be able to stand the strain of Hollywood, although their association has existed for nearly fifteen years. For some time, rumor says, Mae has been restless under the direction of the big, burly Tammany lawyer who has handled her business for so long. A short time ago her set was barred to him, as well as to all others. And residents of the exclusive apartment house where Timony had an apartment in order to be near Mae say that he has moved away.

Heretofore, all interviewers were referred to her manager for appointments; now, Timony shakes his head. "You'll have to ask Miss West," he says glumly; "I'm not handling her interviews now."

"Mr. Timony is getting his check as usual," Mae says, curtly. "He is still my *business manager*." (Is there a slight stress on the word "business"?)

Not so long ago, Mae and her manager were insistently denying rumors that they were married. Now, simultaneously with the reports that they have rifted as business partners, come romance rumors about the Queen of Sex Appeal—rumors that a prize-fighter is attentive to her, that a writer is That Way about her.

HEPBURN DIVORCES MUCH-DENIED MATE; NOT TELLING PLANS

Katharine, Who Once Said She "Had Never Heard" of Ludlow Smith, Wins Freedom in Mexico; But She's Not Admitting It If She Has Any New Marriage Plans

By ANN SLATER



Once, Katharine Hepburn wouldn't admit she had a husband; then, after going to Mexico for a divorce, she wouldn't admit that she *didn't* have a husband. Now, she's denying she will marry Leland Hayward (left), if and when he is free

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S reasons for wanting a quick divorce—unless she wanted to marry again quickly—are still a mystery. And the emotions of Ludlow Ogden Smith, the young broker-husband who was shed so precipitately, are also a mystery. But his friends hint that "the most-denied husband in the world" did not weep at the sudden course of events.

Maybe Katharine didn't want to be dubbed "Kate" Smith. However that may be, when she arrived in Hollywood as Miss Katharine Hepburn, she began coolly denying the existence of a husband. When the name of Mr. Smith was mentioned, she said she had "never heard of such a person." And when she was confronted with the record of her marriage in such an incontrovertible medium as the Social Register, Katharine had an answer for that, too. "Oh," said she, "that must be the *other* Katharine Hepburn. They're always getting her mixed up with me. I've never been married."

Of course, the one-sided controversy whetted public interest in the newcomer no end. But since she *had* married Mr. Smith of Philadelphia in December, 1928, and they *had* shared a small house in New York for a considerable length of time as man and wife, it is no wonder if the gentleman did become slightly peeved as time went on.

"Ludlow is burned up," a friend of his told me a short time ago. "He has had about enough of this being belittled, and pushed aside, and made a joke of—"

Which might indicate that the recent divorce secured by Katharine Hepburn in Mexico was satisfactory to her often-denied husband, as well as to the screen star. Still, this was no sudden impulse on Katharine's part. She went back East last year definitely determined to get a divorce, as her remark to a writer-acquaintance just before departure indicated. "I can't give you a life-story now," she said, "because if I did, it wouldn't be true next Spring. I expect several changes in it this winter—*important changes*."

She went East with the ostensible sole purpose of appearing in the stage play, "The Lake." But there are also indications that she had a Paris divorce in mind. For when "The Lake" closed, she secretly booked passage for France, and entered the ship by the steerage gangplank. But reporters were too alert for her. They were on hand with cameras, and when she arrived abroad, reporters trailed her. She stayed just four days, fleeing the inquisitive by taking a boat right back—and then vanishing when she reached New York, where she smiled happily and denied all reports of domestic difficulties. She next turned up in Mexico—where Norma Talmadge had secured a quick divorce only a few days previously. And there in Merida, Yucatan, she finally found her freedom.



Acme

But then the paradoxical Katharine wouldn't admit that she *didn't* have a husband. By 'plane and train, she arrived back in New York quickly—and put off reporters by talking of the Aztec ruins she had seen, showing them Indian slippers she had bought, and offering to give them her cat, "Spitfire," if they would go away and not bother her. On the same day that she returned to New York, her socialite agent, Leland Hayward (who, by the way, had just arranged a $70,000-a-year increase for her), left Hollywood by 'plane for New York. City editors sensed a new marriage for La Hepburn and sent out reporters to bombard Hayward with questions at all stops. That young man was considerably surprised—since there was a Mrs. Hayward already. (Though she was being rumored as on the verge of getting a divorce.)

In Hollywood, no romance rumor has ever buzzed around the tousled head of the town's most electric star—who has seldom been seen in public. Whether or not the Yucatan divorce was a prelude to a new marriage Hollywood could only surmise.

As for Katharine, she remarks, cryptically, "I can never tell about what I'll do from minute to minute. Really!"

RAQUEL TORRES WEDS STEPHEN AMES—BOTH CALL IT "LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT"

Actress and Millionaire Ex-Mate of Adrienne Ames Met Just When Previous Romances Were Breaking Up; She Will Continue Career

By MURIEL MADDEN

RAQUEL TORRES, the Mexican girl who entered the movies from a convent and has been wooed by many men (including noblemen and millionaires), has just married for the first time. Her husband is Stephen Ames, millionaire New York broker, who was divorced from Adrienne Ames last October. And what is the history of their romance? How did it start?

They met at an important dinner given by a Hollywood studio executive, last Fall, when Stephen's marriage to Adrienne Ames was on the verge of break-up, as was Raquel's two-year engagement to Charles Feldman, Hollywood artists' agent. Almost instantly, a mutual sympathy arose between them. Suddenly, they were friends—as if they had known each other for years. Those things happen!

Raquel sailed for England to make a picture—breaking her engagement just before her departure. But she did not forget Stephen Ames, whom she had not seen again since the night of their first meeting; nor did he forget her.

Adrienne went to Nevada and secured a divorce. And on the fateful day when the decree was signed, Stephen, in New York, cabled Raquel, in London, the news of his freedom. It was his plan to go to Europe for rest and forgetfulness. But business affairs held him in New York. And in one blinding flash Raquel realized that she loved this man whom she had known but an hour or two; she realized that therein lay the reason for her indifference to the attentions of the English Duke of ancient heritage, of the wealthy Diamond King, of other men.

She cabled Stephen that she was returning to New York. He met Raquel and her sister, Renee, at the dock. (There is now a romance blossoming, by the way, between Renee and Stephen's brother, Paul.) New York saw much of Stephen Ames and Raquel Torres together—at night-clubs, in restaurants, at the theatre. Romance rumors were not long in starting. Then Raquel returned to Hollywood to resume her picture career. Stephen followed her to the Coast within a few days, and their engagement was announced.

Hollywood, of the acid tongue and suspicious mind, has circulated fantastic reasons for this match. Stephen Ames, it said, was marrying again so soon to spite Adrienne, because he still loved her. He would shower Raquel with such luxury, Hollywood said, as to make Adrienne jealous. Adrienne, meanwhile, aglow with happiness since her marriage to Bruce Cabot and bright-eyed with new ambitions, very wisely made no comment.



Acme

Stephen Ames and Raquel Torres had an unusual romance—and they climaxed it with an unusual wedding. Both wearing *leis*, they were married aboard a ship about to sail for Hawaii. The guests—not the bridal couple—had to "get away"

Raquel wore a dazzling diamond and Stephen presented her with an imported car as an engagement gift. But she put her foot down when he wanted to buy her a luxurious home in an exclusive suburb of Los Angeles. She chose to live simply—at Malibu to counteract any suspicions that she had married Stephen Ames for his money.

They were married very quietly, with only a few intimate friends to witness the ceremony—which was an unusual one. It took place in a suite buried in flowers aboard the ship on which they were sailing for a Hawaii honeymoon, and the usual procedure was reversed—for instead of the bride and groom leaving in a hurry, the guests were the ones who had to scurry from the scene.

Raquel Torres will continue with her career. She wants to stand on her own feet as an actress, and she seeks no favors because she is now the wife of a generous millionaire.

At the moment her house at Malibu Beach, where the famous of the screen live during the summer, is being renovated and refurnished. When the honeymooners return, there they will live—quietly and unostentatiously, if Raquel has her choice. Says Raquel: "This is one Hollywood marriage that will last!"

MOVIE CLASSIC'S HOLLYWOOD SCOOPS

EDNA BEST ADMITS MARITAL TROUBLE; MARSHALL SEEN WITH GLORIA SWANSON

English Actress-Wife of Herbert Marshall Says "Perfect Marriage" Has Struck Snag; Meanwhile, Gloria Divorces Her Fourth Husband, Michael Farmer

By JOAN STANDISH



Vandamm

When this picture was taken, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best were not only co-stars on the stage, but were called the theatre's "happiest married couple"

"THERE is nothing a wife can do but stand by waiting, when her husband's name is linked with that of another woman. I wouldn't lift one finger to keep Herbert's love if he wants to give it to another." This is Edna Best's modern philosophy—given to me with tear-filled eyes, three days after she had returned from England a few months ago with her year-old baby, blissfully unconscious of any danger to her "perfect marriage," only to be met by a storm of gossip about husband Herbert Marshall's sudden interest in Gloria Swanson. Gloria, who was preparing to make her fourth screen comeback, was simultaneously preparing to discard her fourth husband, Michael Farmer.

"I would not fight a divorce, never!" Edna Best told me. "I learned the useless cruelty of that when my first marriage broke up. It was years before I even saw my twin babies again! My marriage to Herbert might have cost us both our careers. But people soon forget the biggest headlines. And our marriage has been so happy. Never once before has there been a hint of trouble."

Edna was one of the first English stars to be summoned to Hollywood. She was signed to play John Gilbert's leading lady in a picture, but before a camera turned, she ran away. Neither money nor the promise of Hollywood fame could keep her away from her husband, Herbert Marshall (who was then playing on the stage in New York). Their marriage has been called "the one perfect theatrical marriage," an idyllic love story.

That was what she still thought it when she stepped off the train from her long journey, bringing their baby to Hollywood, planning to make Hollywood their future home.

"That night," Edna told me, "we went to a party. We did not have time to talk till we got home. It was very late. When Herbert told me that in my absence he had met Miss Swanson and had found her utterly fascinating, it seemed to me that the world had stopped. . .

"He told me that he did not want a divorce. He asked me to stand by, and be patient for a little while. I am going to do just that. I'm going home to England as soon as my picture, 'Isle of Fury,' is finished and I'm going to wait and see whether or not the separation will be permanent. I don't blame any man for being attracted to Gloria Swanson. She is a fascinating person. She is beautiful and gay and amusing. She will always be glamourous to men, I think, even when she is old. Some women are like that.

"The tragedy is that it is always the wife who is rather looked down on for not being able to hold her husband. The admiration of the world goes to the woman who is fascinating enough to interest a man—no matter what his ties are."

Edna Best, telling me this, asked me not to print it until the whole thing came out in the newspapers. "It might be that in two weeks the story wouldn't be news," she said, wistfully.

I have waited. Now, it appears, the story is news. Edna Best, in England, is reported planning a divorce. Gloria Swanson has sued for divorce from Michael Farmer. And the newspapers have freely linked the names of Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson together, since they were seen much in each other's company in New York just before her divorce announcement.



Wide World

Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, her fourth husband, who—like the Marshalls—have a baby daughter, have been parted by that old bugaboo, "incompatibility." Will Marshall be Husband No. 5 if Edna Best ends their "trial separation" with divorce?

She'll Make The Romans Romantic Again!







If Claudette Colbert is sensational as herself, what do you suppose she will be like as "Cleopatra"? She ought to make it perfectly clear WHY Egypt's famous queen was loved by both Marc Antony and Julius Caesar! Harry Wilcoxon (far left) will show you HOW *Marc Antony* loved her, and Warren William (near left) will make *Caesar* look alive!

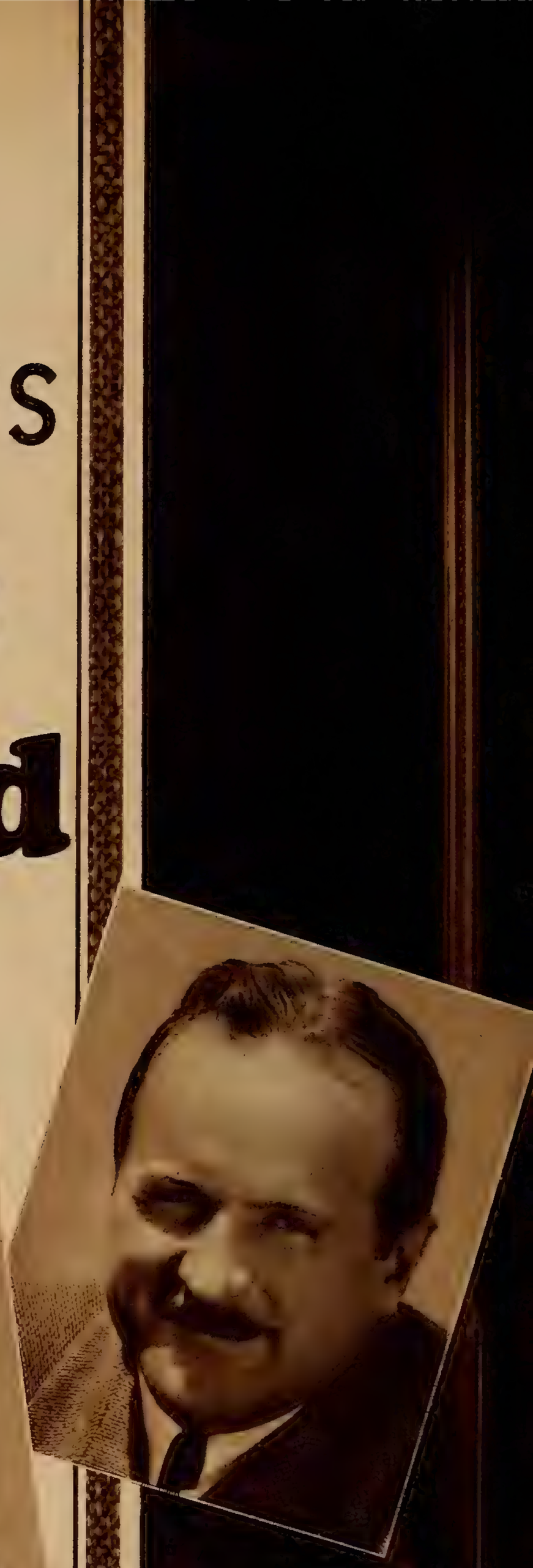
Why

JEAN HARLOW'S Last Marriage Collapsed



Acme





Three times Jean Harlow has found unhappiness in marriage—first with Charles McGrew, II (far left), then with the late Paul Bern (center), and now with Hal Rosson (above)

Jean is really the screen's most tragic figure. Three times she has put up a gallant fight for real love and domestic happiness. Three times, through no fault of her own, she has lost. Why does this sincere, loyal woman find nothing but heartaches in her marital adventures?

Three little words—



IF YOU want to assure the success of your own permanent wave, say these three words to your hairdresser as she prepares your hair: "USE EUGENE SACHETS."

Then rest content that you have done everything possible to help your waver make a success of your wave. For the Eugene sachet holds the *secret* of permanence and beauty.

When used to wrap your long strands of hair, with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair, with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" and will not easily come out.



BUT WE REPEAT: *Tell your operator to "Use Eugene Sachets."*

Beware of any substitutes. Avoid inferior wrappers — or home-made bits of flannel. The results may prove sadly disappointing.

You can identify genuine Eugene sachets by the trade-mark stamped on each one. *See this trade-mark figure*—"The Goddess of the Wave." Then you will know that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent, preferred by fashionable women the world over. Eugene Ltd. . . New York, London.

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permanent waves





DOLORES DEL RIO



JOAN BLONDELL



726

Beach Times are Good Times If you dress that Hollywood Way

726—Looking for a new sunback? Want a "naked" dress you can use for daytime, too? Want a little glamour even in your sports things? Then this is your ensemble—jacket and all. In 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.

734—You'll practically live in these overalls. Lots of sun space—and they *fit* marvelously. In the very boyish sports mode of Joan Blondell, so her portrait is on the envelope. Pattern cut for 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.

724—A Sew-Simple frock—no collar to put on, short cap sleeves, slashed back opening. Skirt and bodice are all in one—just three easy pieces in the whole pattern! It is cut in sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15c.

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Hollywood Pattern Service.....Greenwich, Conn.

Please find enclosed.....Send me Hollywood Patterns

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Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered separately, 15c.
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Name .....

Address.....

"Blame My Wife for My Romances with Other Women!"

—JOHN BOLES



By MAUDE LATHEM



"MY wife," John Boles said to me, "is to blame for all my romances with other women! It was she who told me that I should either be a *good* lover on the screen—or else do character parts."

"Here is what actually happened," Marcelite Boles laughed. "I think perhaps I *am* to blame if he finds himself tangled up in romance rumors. A long time ago, I went to see one of his pictures and I came out of the theatre ill—actually ill. When John arrived from the studio that night, we had about the worst quarrel we ever had. For I waded into him, tooth and nail, and I know he never had anybody say as terrible things to him in his life as I said that night. One scene I had watched on the screen was of John making love to a beautiful actress. And he had failed miserably. He acted as though he were afraid to touch her, and his kisses wouldn't have satisfied anybody.

"Now, I had sub-consciously felt this for some time, but that particular love scene got under my skin. If John hadn't been such a perfect lover, I never would have married him. I had plenty of beaux and I couldn't have been bothered with one as stiff as he looked on the screen. *It was a reflection on me.* I could just imagine some old sweetheart of mine looking at this picture and saying, 'Well, look at what she passed me up for!'

"So I told John, as forcefully as I knew how, that if he expected to have any girl lie awake nights dreaming about him, he would have to make love in a far different fashion. I knew I was right when he said forlornly, 'Well, Shug (that's a favorite name in the South; it's short for "Sugar"), maybe I *have* been thinking of you; maybe I have been wondering how it would seem to you to see me making love to another woman as if I meant it.'

(*Continued on page 62*)

He smiles when he says that, but he means it. For those "new romance" rumors about him would never have started—if Marcelite Boles had not deliberately made her husband a better screen lover. (P. S. And they're still "very happy!")

FASTEST FLASHES
from Hollywood in
MOVIE CLASSIC



This is Bette today—as she looks after all the changes

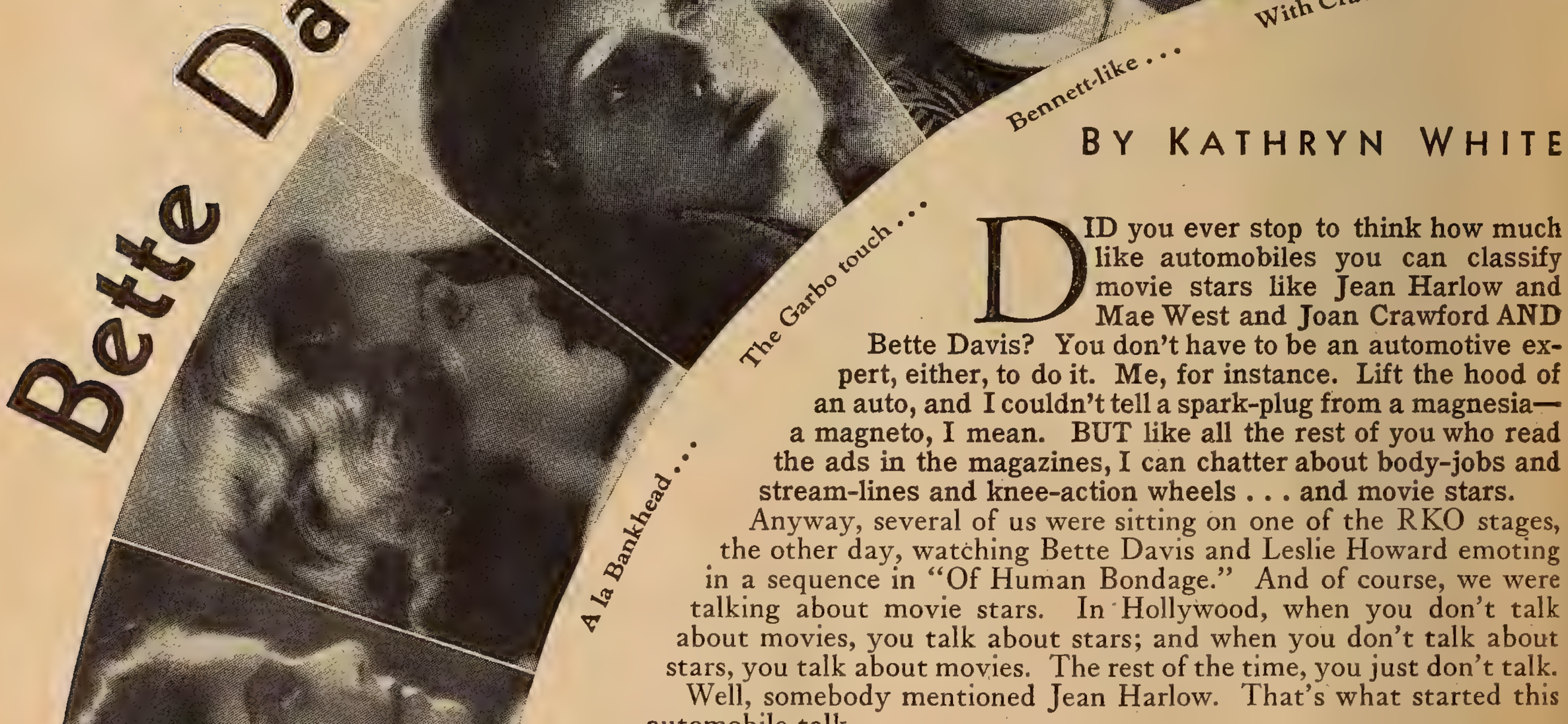
Start likening movie stars to motor cars—and you'll find that Bette doesn't resemble just one feature of an automobile; she's like an assembled job. Bennett, Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn, Bankhead, Tashman, Loy and even George Arliss have gone to make her as she is! In short, the girl's clever!

Bette Davis—The Assembled Star



Bennett-like . . .

With Crawford added . . .



The Garbo touch . . .

A la Bankhead . . .

Bette at first . . .

BY KATHRYN WHITE

DID you ever stop to think how much like automobiles you can classify movie stars like Jean Harlow and Mae West and Joan Crawford AND Bette Davis? You don't have to be an automotive expert, either, to do it. Me, for instance. Lift the hood of an auto, and I couldn't tell a spark-plug from a magnesia—a magneto, I mean. BUT like all the rest of you who read the ads in the magazines, I can chatter about body-jobs and stream-lines and knee-action wheels . . . and movie stars.

Anyway, several of us were sitting on one of the RKO stages, the other day, watching Bette Davis and Leslie Howard emoting in a sequence in "Of Human Bondage." And of course, we were talking about movie stars. In Hollywood, when you don't talk about movies, you talk about stars; and when you don't talk about stars, you talk about movies. The rest of the time, you just don't talk.

Well, somebody mentioned Jean Harlow. That's what started this automobile-talk.

"A beautiful body-job, that one," commented a press-agent.

"Yes," said the assistant director, "but I like the Mae West model better. I like a comfortable upholstery job, I do."

"That," interposed the press-agent, "is because you're getting old. Gimme a stream-lined job—like Lupe Velez."

"Oh, let's not talk of love," I protested, it not being even lunchtime yet. "But since you boys are so clever at comparing stars to automobiles, tell me how'd you rate—oh, say Marie Dressler?"

(*Continued on page 72*)

"Dry-skin-blight" *ended*



Woodbury's Two *Germ-Free* Creams With Exclusive Element 576 Transform Withering Dryness Into Luscious Youth!

"DRY as old parchment!" "Dry as dust!" "Dry as a mummy!" That's what 70% of American women are complaining about their skins today. Fair-skinned blondes and colorful brunettes—they send up the same cry! But now Woodbury's has created two new creams which actively combat and *overcome* Dry-Skin-Blight.

Element 576 Arouses the Oil Glands

Woodbury's Cold Cream possesses an exclusive Element, known as 576, which works upon the skin in much the same way as vitamins in foods work upon the body. It stimulates the oil glands to do their work more vigorously. Rouses them to generate the vital, natural oils without which no skin can remain beautiful—fresh, young, smooth.

Both These Creams Stay Germ-free

An exclusive element—in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams—destroys the germs that enter creams the moment the jar is opened. It keeps Woodbury's Creams absolutely pure *throughout their use*. Greatly reduces the danger of blemishes—to which thin, dry skins are especially subject. Raises resistance, increases skin vigor, aids natural beauty. Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to prevent blemishes, makes the skin supple, stimulates the oil glands to act for themselves. Woodbury's Facial Cream stays germ-free while protecting the skin from weather, from flying dust, grit, and dirt.

Dry-Skin-Blight ended! Fresh, supple beauty in its place! By the simple, daily use of Woodbury's two Creams!

Woodbury's Creams Win Approval of Nation's Leading Dermatologists—an Approval Never Before Accorded to any Beauty Creams

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, skin specialist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "Hitherto, beauty creams have carried in them the latent danger of infection. It is with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms." Another dermatologist wrote: "I consider these creams of the highest quality—in fact, the best on the market."



Proof of Woodbury's Germ-Destroying Power

Agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs. Plate A bears Woodbury's Cream which has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing an ordinary cold cream, has no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy germs.

FREE! Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Inc., 6343 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Limited, Perth, Ontario)

Please send me free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing beauty care, and six little packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

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Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly

Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY a girl who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!



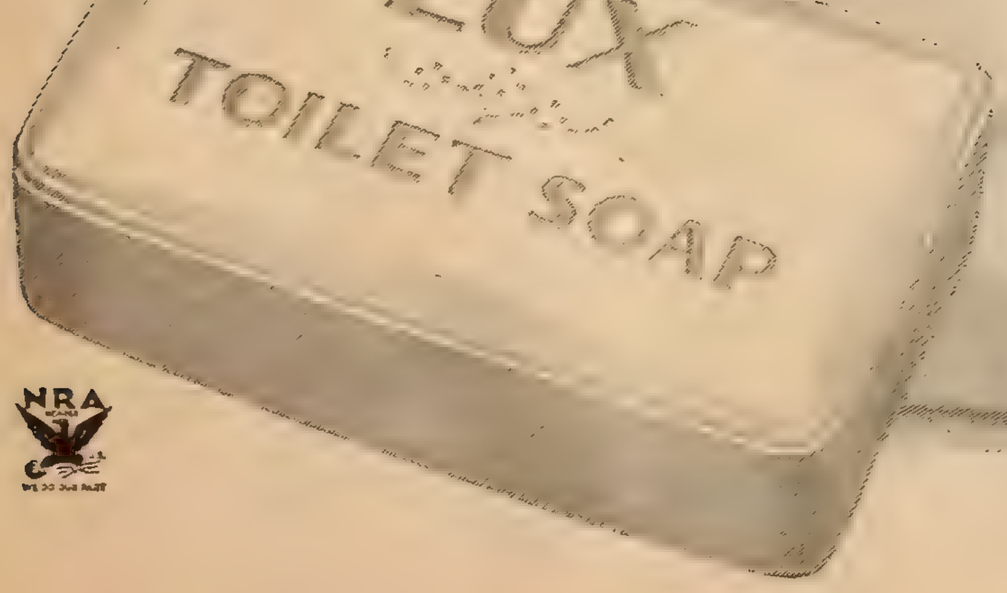
Precious Elements in this Soap

In this soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!



Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "SMARTY"



I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin



take some

KLEENEX

along

DRIVING along a dusty road. Dirt on the windshield. No clean cloth to wipe it away . . . Perspiration covering your face. No soft, soothing, clean towel to relieve you . . . A hasty picnic lunch. No napkins . . . The children with colds. Handkerchiefs soiled and irritating.

Kleenex is the ideal first aid in every one of those emergencies. It's even been used by motorists to clean spark plugs; to wipe the oil-measuring rod; to protect hands when checking wiring or carburetor; to protect clothing when changing a tire. Invaluable! And now only 18c the box.

Cheaper, of course, than laundering handkerchiefs, towels, napkins. Always handy—that is, IF you keep a box in the car whenever you go out.

If you forget it, just stop en route. All drug, dry goods and department stores have Kleenex.

KLEENEX

Disposable Tissues

ARE CLEAN...SANITARY

Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

Why the Yen for British Men?

(*Continued from page 31*)

and "Berkeley Square," in rôles that other actors said were over audiences' heads. For his performance in "Berkeley Square," he was runner-up to Laughton for the Academy award.

The distinction between run-of-the-mill actors and Howard lies in his ability to think out a part and drain it of every convincing emotion. His own personality is so modest as to be practically negligible, but in playing a rôle Howard creates a new personality, becomes entirely that other man. To play opposite him in "The Animal Kingdom," Ann Harding accepted a part far below her stellar status, showing what the Hollywood ladies think of the shy man from County Surrey.

Producers and stars gasp at his nonchalance in leaving the screen whenever he finds a stage play he likes. Those who have fought for years to retain a foothold in the land of make-believe cannot reconcile themselves to the fact that Leslie Howard leaves the screen when he pleases and returns at his leisure to garner the acting plums of the year. (He's now being talked of for "Anthony Adverse.") Stars have no hopes of romance with this happily married man and so content themselves with pleas to the powers-that-be that they may play opposite him.

They Can't Forget Laughton

CHARLES LAUGHTON'S refusal of a fabulous Hollywood salary, in order that he might go back to London for the winter and play in a repertory theatre at a salary of one hundred dollars a week amazed the movie town. He refused to capitalize on his grand performance as *Henry, the Eighth* and confided in a letter that he was perfectly content in London because "I am playing a sissy this week and *Macbeth* next week. Such training is what all actors need if we hope to progress." Most amazing of all is that the corpulent Charles made his professional début only seven short years ago and has already made his name with fine and subtle acting. People don't forget Laughton. Hollywood's admiration for him is that of a pupil for a master, a man to whom his work is more important than gold or fame.

Norma Shearer regards Herbert Marshall as the most charming leading man she has ever had and women throughout the country palpitatingly agree. (He will be with her again in "Marie Antoinette.") Sophisticated and cosmopolitan, Marshall causes many actors to appear almost naïve when they attempt rôles of men of the world. Sympathetic to him because of the tremendous handicap he has overcome, (he was invalided by the war), cinemaland has made Marshall its current social lion.

Peculiarly enough, the ex-Tommy is the only British actor whose marriage Hollywood has threatened. Colman's romance was ended before he came to America and was the reason he left his native heath. Laughton, Brook and Howard seem better able to combine Hollywood careers and matrimony than the home-bred heroes. When Edna Best recently sailed for London, she left Marshall dismayed, but not entirely inconsolable. Both vehemently deny that a divorce is impending, though Edna's intimates say that a reconciliation is unlikely.

As the sly hero of light romances, Herbert Marshall has outdistanced all of his competitors since his success in "Trouble in Paradise." Where the rest of the British colony is clannish to an extreme, Marshall has gone about a great deal in Hollywood society—which may account for his estrangement from his wife. There's a pronounced yen for Herbert because Hollywood is dazzled by his suavity.

Ronald Colman has gone his solitary way in Hollywood for almost a decade and not once has his popularity waned—and not once have there been rumors of a romance. He has conquered Hollywood by indifference; and many actresses, both professionally and personally, have a pronounced yen for this reserved man who looks so promising—but can't be had!

Professionally, Clive Brook is the most-sought-after man in the cinema city. Three times Ann Harding has insisted on him as her leading man and his performances have enhanced her pictures. Marlene Dietrich is another who looks favorably on Clive. The gentleman of stoical mien and sedate manner is most popular because he is always dependable and, far more important, concerns himself only with his work and has never been accused of stealing a picture!

Nigel Bruce, who makes his starring début in "Springtime for Henry," will devote himself exclusively to light comedy rôles, defending the British colors in that field. Six feet tall, Bruce possesses the assurance and poise that befit the son of titled parents. Harry Wilcoxon is slated for success on a grand scale simply because he has a large order of sex appeal, which goes over in any language. (Then there's Chaplin—still the funniest man alive and an idol the world over. Not to mention George Arliss—elderly and not handsome—whose British poise and suavity make him one of the few Screen Great.)

And They Don't Rival Each Other

SINCE they cover all the branches and byways of the acting profession, it is strange that in no way do these Britishers conflict with each other in types or audience appeal. Leslie Howard's appeal is one that is spiritual and refined, reaching women of similar nature. Herbert Marshall, the suave and sleek, is practically irresistible to a sophisticated woman. Ronald Colman remains the idol of ardent young intellectuals, the ideal lover with the cynical eyes and the bitter quirk to his lips. Clive Brook's appeal as a gentle and understanding lover is unsurpassed. Charles Laughton is appreciated by audiences strictly on his merits, rather than on his personality, which is as he would have it. Now, with Hugh Williams personifying all that is sweet and dear to young love, and Harry Wilcoxon as an English caveman and Piccadilly *Tarzan*, the English have captured the entire field, histrionically and romantically! In case there are any Lotharios laurels vacant, Robert Donat, who played *Culpepper* in "Henry, the VIIIth," and now will play "The Count of Monte Cristo," is here to seize them.

Even Garbo admits to a preference for British men and has twice sought Leslie Howard's services, only to be twice refused! Garbo respects the Britons because they do not engage in personalities or become enamored of fellow-players, as some Americans have done when playing with her. Even the thrilless Garbo has a yen for these men from Mayfair! In fact she has picked Herbert Marshall as her new leading man—in "The Painted Veil."

Women fans and women stars alike have shown their preference for British men, and the actresses' interest is not always simply professional. Approving the English technique on the screen, some of Hollywood's fairest are wondering if these men might not be the ideal type of husband for a screen star. Hollywood has a decided yen for British men——so let them beware!

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•

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KODAK VERICHROME FILM

Stars in Love Make Better Pictures

(*Continued from page 29*)

happiness, every small movement an admission of the swift and impetuous current that was carrying her along.

The Garbo legend grew. Fantastic stories were built around her. But her career did not keep pace with the interest in her as a glamourous personality. *At this period of poor pictures, there was no love in her life.*

Not until the advent of director Rouben Mamoulian did we again see the star of "The Torrent" and "Flesh and the Devil." In "Queen Christina," under Mamoulian's direction, she was a Garbo of depth and majestic emotion, and that characterization was paralleled by a private and very normal experience. Garbo was in love or on the verge of being in love again; she was human and warm and throbbing. She was no longer the disconsolate and solitary figure who walked alone in silence and in brooding; she was a young and sensitive spirit who had found comfort in a man's companionship and a man's devotion! Inevitably, this new-found happiness was reflected in the picture on which these two worked together.

New Romance Revived Joan

AN unhappy, life-bewildered Joan Crawford made a series of indifferent pictures that definitely threatened her prestige. But in "Dancing Lady" she more than redeemed herself. Here, once more, was the Crawford who had commanded admiration, who had won stardom by her shining abilities. It was a Crawford who had forgotten the disappointments and the disillusionments of her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It was a girl again in love who played in "Dancing Lady." The girl who frankly admitted her interest in Franchot Tone had found new expectations—and renewed dreams. Love again was the Assistant Director. She almost sang her lines, she was so happy. *The camera photographed her joy.*

Jean Harlow amazed a critical world with her expert handling of a difficult emotional rôle in "Red-Headed Woman." Regarded as a sort of exotic robot until then, Jean hid her platinum hair—her trade-mark of fame—and emerged as a vital and assured actress. Few knew then that her association and friendship with Paul Bern had grown into love, that under its stimulus Jean had discovered and developed emotional power no one had ever suspected. Not until "The Blonde Bombshell" did she again disclose similar talents. And it was during the making of this picture that she forgot her tragedies and found peace in the love of Harold Rosson, who was behind the camera, photographing every scene.

Long before the world heard the news, Ruth Chatterton was in love with George Brent; but if the world had sensed the possibilities, it would have seen proof of it in "The Rich Are Always With Us." Every scene was a confession of the new romance she had found. In this, she was the Chatterton who long had been known as The First Lady of the Screen. In this, she had the adroit sureness of herself that surrounds women in love. It was her best picture in a long time of placid personal domesticity—and her eventual marriage to Brent held the reason.

Barbara Never Out of Love

NO matter how mediocre, how unbelievable the vehicles given to Barbara Stanwyck, she has always imparted to her rôles sincerity and drama and reality. Her authentic genius has never failed to shine. But Barbara is a woman always in love—a woman whose enthralling passion for Frank Fay, her husband, has become a Hollywood saga. Women live by their emotions. They live within themselves, feed their talents with their own fires. And so, because Barbara's love has been undeviating, she has yet to give an inept performance.

Gary Cooper brought to his rôle in "Design for Living" a dramatic proficiency, a sense of timing, a new and fresh quality that had never been noted before. He was more than a lanky cowboy. He was a skilled technician, a competent purveyor and interpreter of emotion. The weeks on this production were coincident with his mounting interest in Sandra Shaw—with his realization that in her he had found the woman who could complete his life and make it whole!

The exquisite moments on the screen between co-stars are frequently kindled by their vitalizing and very personal regard for each other. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor have been unrivalled in the expression of ecstatic young love on the screen. "Seventh Heaven" will long be a model in emotional translation. Their off-screen devotion had a poignancy and delicacy that was reflected in this make-believe love between the girl, *Diane*, and the boy, *Chico*.

Loretta Denied Love, But——

THE emotional status of a star can never be hidden. There is an added radiance to every word and gesture that becomes a confession. Newspaper reporters may be deceived as to stars' private romances. They may be able to marry in secret. But their pictures Tell All. No matter how much Loretta Young denied her love for Spencer Tracy, "A Man's Castle" gave them both away. Her own thrill and excitement gave color and zest to her work—her best work to date.

Only recently, Gloria Swanson declared in MOVIE CLASSIC that actresses must take in emotion to give it forth again. And so interludes of love have been singularly productive for her. She has bloomed in the warmth of love—in its tender and caressing stimulation. Hers has been a career of ups and downs, of excellence and of mediocrity. But, invariably, she was the glorious Gloria when her heart was stirred.

Love metamorphosed Frances Dee from an ingénue into a finished actress. As a corollary to her love for Joel McCrea, she graduated from small rôles and became an astute and dexterous artist, who made "The Silver Cord" notable by her work.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s characterization of the mad *Peter* in "Catherine the Great" substantiated the stories of his love for Gertrude Lawrence, the British star. He had gone to England a dependable leading man. He came back in the English-produced picture a star by virtue of his new personal development. Doug had always been a charming adolescent before—in life and on the screen. Now he is a man in both.

Out of Love—Into Slumps

CONVERSELY, when a star finds love fading; when its first bright hues, its allure and tenderness are touched with the chill of divorce or disillusionments, the player hits a slump. Something arresting and something life-giving departs. The star out-of-love is a talking and walking automaton—with no rôle great enough to ignite the spark of genius. There is Kay Francis, for instance. The beautiful "One-Way Passage" was a honeymoon picture—and her work showed it in its deep spirituality. Three months ago, Hollywood was surprised by her divorce from Kenneth MacKenna. It need not have been. For months Kay on the screen was confessing to the world that she was unhappy. Now Hollywood whispers that dark ardent Kay is falling in love again. She won't admit it, but her

(*Continued on page 78*)

I'm sending some of the latest snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis, and wants to meet you.



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Hepburn Needed Those Spankings!

(*Continued from page 33*)

thought. There is no doubt at all that Katharine's boycott of interviewers has made enemies for her among the more spiteful reporters and their friends, the columnists; and, naturally, her sudden and amazing success has not endeared her to those players in Hollywood who have had to fight for years for a much lesser fame.

When she and Laura Harding—a New York society girl and Katharine's constant companion—first arrived in Hollywood, they expected a big fuss to be made over them. "We supposed that we would be swamped with invitations to Hollywood parties," Katharine once told me, "and we decided to be very cool and aloof. We planned not to accept any social invitations and not to make any acquaintances. We were in town six weeks before we got a single bid to a party, and by that time we snatched at it like hungry trout rising to a fly!"

So, perhaps, Hollywood is as much to blame as Hepburn for her becoming a recluse. However that may be, the difficulties and defeats that this young and ambitious star has suffered since leaving Hollywood have not caused any tears to be shed in Movie Town. When theatre owners recently met in convention in Hollywood, they were reported to have shattered a few illusions about the drawing power of certain stars. Anyway, their alleged remarks—particularly about Katharine Hepburn—were repeated with something bordering on glee at Hollywood luncheon tables.

What "They Said" About Her

"GARBO?" the exhibitors were supposed to have sniffed. "She's slipping badly. Marie Dressler? Still good—but only when she gets a good story. Mae West? A sensation—but her next picture has gotta be better than the last. Katharine Hepburn a big box-office draw? Not unless they bolster her picture up with a half-dozen other good names as they did in 'Little Women'!"

Hollywood chuckled over this as being a verbal spanking for Hepburn by the men who show her pictures. . . .

For one year after her astounding overnight hit in "A Bill of Divorcement," the world was Katharine Hepburn's apple. She had—to as great an extent as anyone can have at a studio—her own way with her pictures. She had her own way with the press, too, who humbly wrote about the eccentricities of the new star, her college days, her hidden canyon home and other harmless subjects. Broadway, which had never become especially excited over her heretofore, sent her extravagant invitations to return. And a broadcasting company offered her six thousand dollars for fifteen minutes on the air—to the seething envy of other more established stars.

The restless spirit that magnetizes the gaunt, tomboyish frame of Katharine Hepburn would not let her be content with what she had already won, but continually nagged her on to greater heights. Suddenly, Hollywood was told that she had left town She was to appear on the air in a series of thirteen broadcasts, she was to star in a stage play, "The Lake"; she was to do many things, great things. . . .

Wherefore Was She *Juliet?*

BUT the first Hepburn broadcast was a surprising fizzle. Katharine had insisted on Shakespeare, and so it was as *Juliet* that a million people heard her. The balcony scene that she played is one that has taxed the genius of some of the greatest tragediennes of stage history—Julia Marlowe, Mary Anderson, Jane Cowl, Katherine Cornell. Inevitably, Hepburn invited comparison with these Great of the theatre in which she was still a neophyte; yet with the arrogant confidence that is part of her charm, she insisted. Without her flashing, vital, strange face before them, listeners thought that her voice sounded oddly indecisive and scared. She even seemed unsure of her lines in contrast with Douglass Montgomery as *Romeo*. The critics were not kind in their comments on Hepburn's radio début, and advertisers did not crowd around to bid for the remaining twelve broadcasts.

Then came her return to Broadway. On the first night, Blanche Bates and Frances Starr, veterans of the severe training that actresses of an earlier day used to undergo for their art, saved the day—or the evening—for this rash girl who had rushed headlong into a part that a more seasoned actress could hardly have made plausible. The critics, who went to be awed, after her hit in "Little Women," came away facetious, calling her "still a promising young actress." It was a case of damning with faint praise. Audiences rapturously called Blanche Bates and Frances Starr back for footlight bows and snubbed Hepburn with mild clapping. After seven weeks, "The Lake" gave up the struggle for existence. Hepburn went East, she said, to learn more about acting. And it must have been a bitter lesson—though Katharine proved that she could "take it" by constantly improving her performance.

Only Half a Hit as a Hill-Billy

THEN came "Spitfire," Hepburn's latest picture, with many uncomplimentary reviews. It was a picture that Hepburn is said to have wanted to make to show her versatility, but one doomed from the first to dubious popularity because of its strong religious bias. Only an actress with remarkable self-confidence would have dared to challenge her success with a rôle like that, Hollywood murmurs.

And on top of all this, her name was for some reason left out of the new Philadelphia Social Register, where it had been since her marriage to Ludlow Smith in 1928. Rumors of divorce filled the newspapers, and Katharine cut short a trip to Europe—she stayed abroad only four days—supposedly because of gossip about her plans for divorce. (Though she went to Yucatan, Mexico, right after her return—and filed a divorce suit there.) She had to pass up an offer of startling munificence for a personal appearance tour when the studio sternly refused to allow her to make it, perhaps fearing a repetition of what happened on Broadway.

The wilful and dynamic Katharine Hepburn has certainly received several spankings from Fate recently. And yet, we feel sure that they hurt Fate more than they hurt Katharine—and that they have all been for her own good.

Katharine Hepburn needed those spankings. From them, she will learn lessons valuable to a rising young movie star; she has already learned some of them. When she left Hollywood, we hear on good authority, her studio warned her that she would have to mend her ways with the Press and be pleasant with reporters or else face a boycott from the headline-hunters. Evidently, Katie has taken that lesson to heart, for on her return from her recent round trip to France, she beamed cordially on the reporters who flocked to her ship, joked with them, and posed charmingly for pictures. And after her return to New York from

Yucatan, she did the same thing—telling them nothing, but doing it charmingly.

How Criticism Helped Her

SHE needed the panning the critics gave her rash attempt to star on Broadway with only a few small stage parts, five motion pictures and a Hollywood hullabaloo as preparation. For several months it has been apparent that the Hepbernhardt, as a magazine recently dubbed her, was taking on the airs of the Divine Sarah—the hair dress which is familiar to all Bernhardt fans, the long arty robes with sleeves falling over the fingers, and the very poses of the great French actress in her portrait sittings. Such notions do a rising—but not yet riz—young actress no good at all! It was time, if Katharine Hepburn were to become a really great actress, to disabuse her of the notion that she was one already.

And Hepburn has learned that lesson, too. Writing to a friend in Hollywood about the closing of her play, she confessed that she had been pretty badly hurt. "But I don't blame the critics at all;" she wrote honestly, "they were absolutely right!"

Gallantly spoken, Katharine! You can take it, and that's not just half the battle. It's the whole of the battle. Your spirit is broken? Pish! Tosh! and likewise Phooey! A girl who was dropped from as many shows as you were on Broadway and came back for more, and when you got another chance fought for your convictions as fiercely as ever, isn't going to have her spirit broken by anything Hollywood can do to her. The only thing that can really hurt you, Katharine, is for you to read the blurbs about you, the advertisements calling you "the Greatest Star of All Time," the interviews flattering your egotism, *and believe them*. That would be your finish.

You needed those spankings, Katharine Hepburn. You needed gibes and jeers to keep you your honest, unpretending self; you needed the critics' abuse to remind you that you had a long road to travel before you could claim the laurels that are awaiting you. You needed to learn that dramatic garments and exotic and strange poses are not proofs of Greatness.



Fred Hess—City Photo

Norma Talmadge and George Jessel said their "I do's" on April 23, with Mayor Harry Bacharach, of Atlantic City, officiating. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon in the Mayor's ocean city





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0-86

Charlotte Henry,
Paramount Featured Player,
Endeared to the Public in
Alice in Wonderland

"Blame My Wife for My Romances with Other Women"—John Boles

(*Continued from page 51*)

"His work improved from then on. I was certain of this, for soon afterward people began asking me if I wasn't jealous of John and the women he worked with. They obviously wanted to tell me more, but I didn't care for any of the details. You see, *I like my John, and I don't propose to let any women poison my mind against him.*"

How He "Redeemed" Himself

BECAUSE John Boles now fits into the picture of a gay Lothario so definitely, Hollywood insists on believing that he has many affairs of the heart. But John only smiled at Marcelite as if they had a secret understanding, when I probed, "What did you do after your wife took you to task about your love-making? How did you go about redeeming yourself in her eyes?"

"It seems so silly now, when I think of it, but I did do a lot of things I had never done before. I was determined that she would never be able to chide me for the same thing again.

"You see, it's not always easy to make love to any woman you play with, whether you are supposed to do it with the suavity of a glorified gigolo or the fervor of a religious fanatic. A woman might be very beautiful and you might imagine it would be the easiest thing in the world to kiss her. But there may be something in the vibration of that particular woman that freezes all your impulses the minute you start in a scene with her. You know, I have played with women who have been in love with the director of the picture or some other man and the thought of having *me* take them in my arms was really repulsive to them. I could sense their inner withdrawal.

"And the man who is in love with his wife feels the same way. He doesn't get any fun out of lukewarm—or even warm—embraces with another woman, and no matter how good an actor he is when it comes to other scenes, it's harder to make the audience believe in him in a love scene than at any other time.

"I knew I had to overcome this, for the lack of feeling that was evident to my wife would be noticed by the audiences. From that day I learned to establish *pleasant* relations, at least, with the woman to whom I was to make love on the screen. Of course, one has to make good use of his imagination in such a situation.

Made Believe Off-Screen, Too

"I RECALL that the first one I tried this on was Laura LaPlante. We were doing a picture at Universal. I was just as thoughtful of her in every little attention as I could be, copying the thoughtfulness of a real lover as nearly as I could simulate it. I made myself remember the little things that are supposed to please women—and I believe it worked. At least, we liked each other well enough to do our scenes together pleasantly. I felt that we were being pretty good when one of the company crew whispered that I had a 'case' on her.

"Because this seemed to work, I have tried it many times since, though *I have not found it necessary actually to fall in love with the women I play with.* I think then the whole effect would be spoiled. If you were actually in love, you couldn't bear to enact your scenes before the camera and the ever-present group of co-workers. You would be self-conscious about it. But giving play to the imagination in this, I find, is just like it is when you try to *feel* the character of any part you are portraying."

In "Bottoms Up" you met the real John Boles for the first time. When he sang that "Katy" song at the gate, you saw the boy that his college chums used to call "Tony, the Wop" because of his spirit of irrepressible good humor and his absolute dislike of dress clothes. The John Boles we usually see on the screen has worn a much-bedecked uniform or a perfect tuxedo, "clothes parts" being a penalty for masculine good looks. But here you caught a glimpse of the real John, the man his family knows, the mischief-maker who keeps his house in an uproar from the time he reaches home.

Marcelite is so free from this jealousy business that one's cynical soul almost dares to hope that here is a Hollywood home that has a chance of lasting.

Almost Heart-Broken Once

"OH, those battles over other women were fought out long before we knew the picture business. I never thought I was jealous at all, but every woman is, underneath, when she thinks she has cause to be. John had gone on the stage while I was staying in to have my first baby. You know, eighteen years ago, women did stay in when they were expecting a baby. I was not out of the house for months before little Marcelite came. When I first saw John on the stage, he had been playing the lead for many weeks with a particularly devastating star....

"Please remember that both John and I had been reared by very conservative parents, people who still looked slightly askance at the stage and hardly knew about the screen at all. I had not yet got used to the thought of John's being an actor. As I sat out there in the audience and watched him make love to another woman, I thought that I would die. He had insisted on my going back to the dressing-room after the show so that I could meet the members of the company.

"You can imagine what was in store for me! I was almost ready to cry anyway, and when I heard them calling each other 'Dear' and 'Honey' and 'Darling,' I thought I was seeing proof of what I suspected. I had never been around professional people and had no conception whatever of their friendly attitude toward each other; I didn't realize that those endearing terms meant no more than if they had been saying 'John' or 'Mary.' . . . But I lived through it, somehow. And I kept going back to the theatre day after day. John urged me to go. He knew I would have to get used to it that way.

The Last Day She Was Jealous

"FINALLY, one afternoon before he left the house, he sat down and we had a heart-to-heart talk. He told me that he was working at this business for me and the baby; that it was just as if he were in a bank, only he made more money. But unless I could understand it and get over this feeling, he would give it up right then and go back to studying medicine, which he had previously contemplated. He showed me how miserable I was making both him and myself, and he left it to me to make the decision. Somehow, he managed to make me see the thing straight, and from that day to this, I have never had a jealous minute. But if I hadn't come out of that, it would have ruined his entire career."

Marcelite proves that she means what she says by her actions. She never goes near a studio while John is making a picture. In his entire screen career, she has been on the set only two or three times. She never inquires about his leading women and many times does not even know who they are

until weeks afterwards. He is always nervous until she has seen the preview of his picture because he is not satisfied until he knows that it pleases her. Marcelite wants women to like him. In fact, she admits, honestly, that if women did not admire him, he would not be worth nearly so much to his studio as he is. At the moment, there is more interest being manifested in John Boles at the Fox Studio, than in any other single individual there since the studio produced "Seventh Heaven."

Perhaps the success that he has never quite known, that breath-taking, sensational Success with a capital "S," is at last coming his way. What would it mean to John and Marcelite, I wondered, if he were suddenly a Hit, as every player dreams of being?

Near Enough to the Heights Now

"WHY, I wouldn't have that happen to me for anything. Not for anything, I tell you," John exclaimed. "I want to stay in this business a *long* time. My wife has made me love it. Her continued, undiminished enthusiasm for the business makes me feel that every day is a new and vivid experience. I don't want this to pale. I don't want to carry the burden of a big production all by myself. I am happy as things are. Let some other man go 'over the top.'

"Have you ever thought about the fact that when you have reached the top, *there is no other direction to go but down?* I read once a Chinese proverb that said, 'Walk softly and perhaps the gods will not notice you.' That's how I feel."

Perhaps you are beginning to realize by now what sane people the Boleses are. And their marriage is one Hollywood marriage that has every tried ingredient that makes for a successful union. They loved and married while they were very young. They have been through poverty and shared ambitions and work together. Their families were far removed from the picture business and the young people had an opportunity to take their worst marital hurdles—the necessary adjustments of the first two years—before Fame beckoned. Two lovely children have made the tie stronger. For eighteen years they have weathered the storms of struggle and the more dangerous storms of success.

As I was leaving the house, I saw the two of them confer quickly and then Marcelite ran after me: "Just one thing—please don't speak of us as an 'ideal couple' or 'happily married,' for we are becoming superstitious about it. Every time this is printed about any couple, the divorce announcement seems to follow quickly. Please just say that you think the Boleses are okay!"



As a result of his fine performance as *Thomas Culpepper* in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth," Robert Donat, the English actor, has been signed to play the title rôle in "The Count of Monte Cristo"



Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you,* too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

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Margaret Sullavan, Hollywood's Pet Peeve

(*Continued from page 32*)

for anybody. She just isn't made that way.

Not long ago, a certain star barged up to her and started to rave about how "perfectly wonderful" she was in "Only Yesterday," expecting, in return, a similar barrage regarding her own work in another picture, which, incidentally, was not so hot. But after she had done her little act, Sullavan merely said, "Thank you," and moved on—ringing up another mortal enemy.

Because she will not put on the usual Hollywood act and gush at everyone in sight—calling utter strangers by their first names and tacking such charming prefixes as "dawling," "honey" and "baby" to everyone she has known for more than ten minutes—Sullavan is accused of snobbery.

The real curse on this girl, however, is her sincerity and naturalness. For Hollywood cannot understand a star who refuses to parade her acting in her private life. To Filmdom's Farceville, it just isn't natural for a star to step out of the studio and become a plain, ordinary, sincere person.

And if anybody tries it—she can take what comes. Which is just what Sullavan has been taking for months, and grinning.

Things She Won't Do

ACCORDING to Hollywood standards, meeting Sullavan is a sad disappointment. Because, when you are introduced, she won't tell you how wonderful you are and let you know she thinks you are "just too sweet" for bothering with her "itsy-bitsy self." She won't put her arm across your shoulders and say: "I've heard so much about you, it seems I've known you a long while. So let's not be formal. I'll call you Bill (or Pete) if I may—and it will please me if you'll call me Margy."

She won't invite you—most insistently—to call on her at any time, *any* time, my dear, and to remember there's always a cocktail waiting; and then tell the maid to keep the door locked to that bum at all times. She probably won't even classify you as a darling to your face, and something a lot less complimentary to your back.

She won't dress in something "stunning" for you, and then tell the neighbors what she saw on your tie; and it's barely possible that she'll let you know she doesn't give a particular damn what you think of her; or at least not enough of a damn to feed you a saccharine line that's an insult to your intelligence.

If you've met other stars, you'll gasp a little when you meet Sullavan, and wonder if you're not talking to the neighbor's girl who just dropped in, and who's a little impatient to get about her own business.

You'd never pick her for a star—not in a million years. And that's what tickles her more than anything else in the world. Tell her that you know ten thousand girls who act and look more like movie stars than she does, and you'll see her beam.

Expecting to meet a dour, haughty, self-important and—er—snooty artiste, I was jarred back on my heels by the funny little face that Sullavan made when she found she had been inveigled into an interview.

Claims She Isn't News

"SO you're one of those things, are you?" she accused, with a twist of her nose. "Hmm." Then, with apparent satisfaction, she added: "Well, I'm the worst copy in Hollywood. No color, no originality, no ideas, and always saying the wrong thing. So you're just wasting your time."

"You're always good for a healthy panning."

"Not any more. I've been done up brown on all sides."

"What do you like?"

We were hurrying toward her dressing-room, and before answering, she took a couple of quick steps and jumped over a row of flowers.

"That's a new one," she commented, referring to my question. "Everybody always seems interested in what I don't like. But I like to keep moving—to travel, to drive, to walk. I love to roam around where nobody knows me and where I can do what I want. I like music and I love movies. If you get a story out of that, you ought to be in our script department."

We had reached her bungalow dressing-room. Throwing open the door, she motioned me in with a sweep of her arm.

"Sit down there and yell," she ordered, pointing to a lounge and continuing on into another room.

In about twenty seconds she was out again, clad in white duck trousers and a brown jersey.

"Now I'm me," she grinned, squatting at the far end of the lounge and pulling her knees up to her chin. "And if you can see a story in this," indicating herself, "you've got some vision."

"You are leaving for Europe right away, aren't you?"

Going for a Long Walk

"YEP. I just won a battle with the studio and will be on my way in a few days. I'm going to walk all over England. That is, walk some, cycle some and probably drive some."

She wiggled about until she lay flat on her back, her knees still up.

"What's the idea of being different?" I demanded. "You're not living up to the traditions of movieland. You're a disappointment to the entire community. Where's your act? You seem to forget that your best stuff should be done off the screen."

"I guess somebody must have dropped me on my head when I was a baby," she admitted, "because I actually think one's acting should be done on the set or the stage, not on the Boulevard, in cafés or at the country club.

"I've a strange notion—I realize it must be strange from the way people regard me—that the proper thing is to be an actress on the screen, and just myself off it. Very likely, that is why I never want to include my personality in my screen acting; never want to play a part where the audience sees Margaret Sullavan.

"I think real acting is to keep your personality entirely out of the picture—be somebody else—to submerge your individuality in the character you are playing."

While I nodded impressively, she wiggled back into a sitting position.

Likes Lon Chaney's Idea

"MY idea of perfection in acting," she continued, "is to be as Lon Chaney was—and never let my private self peep through the character I'm playing. You see," and she puckered her face into a serious frown, "that's my idea of real acting—to make yourself entirely foreign to your own personality.

"And my idea of living is to keep every trace of my acting out of my private life. If I can reach the point where nobody can possibly recognize in my private self the Margaret Sullavan of the screen, I'll be perfectly happy. In real life, I'm a very uninteresting sort of person. And I'm glad

of it, because I want to be able to do what I want to do without anybody's noticing it.

"I want to live a double life—my private life and my professional life. And I don't want them to mix, ever. That is why, I imagine, I am so eager always to play parts that are unlike myself, where no part of the woman, Margaret Sullavan, can ever creep into the character I'm portraying. Acting to me is *acting*—not just going through a story, being myself. I want to look different, and act different, and feel different.

"And, on the other hand, I won't let the professional Margaret Sullavan crowd into the life of the private Margaret Sullavan. Instead, I'd rather be like the clown who puts on his funny make-up, does his little bit, and then washes up and comes out of the big tent a private individual, unknown and free. Like him, I want to be just one of the crowd—not on exhibition."

"Not on exhibition." Therein lies where, how and why Margaret Sullavan is different. Nor is she unique; for all about us, on every side, are those who have quietly abandoned fame, fortune and even comfort, that they may continue to live their own lives—without a brass band to hail their every move. But for a feminine movie star to strive for the same effect—that's something unheard of!

Perhaps there is more than just a desire for freedom and privacy behind all this. Perhaps there is some special object in view, some "design for living" to protect.

Future Doesn't Bother Her

"WHAT'S my design for living?" echoed Sullavan. "Well, frankly, I haven't any. I have no design or pattern for my life; no plans for the future. I am moved entirely by impulse—living to-day, and loving it. I really don't know what I am going to be doing three months from now. All I know is that I love travel and adventure.

"I don't know what the future holds, though I'm eager to greet it. I have no ideas about what I want to do with my life; no great plans for the future. I have no ideas about marriage now—though I'm a normal woman and eventually will want a husband, a home and children—though I'm not thinking of that now. Frankly, I want to take things as they come, and live my life without fuss and in freedom."

Anyone hearing these remarks, and looking at this alert, pert, positive youngster in those commonplace duck trousers, and seeing her swing herself up under the wheel of her little rented car, to drive through a canyon short-cut after dark, could not fail to believe that she means exactly what she says; that she wants to be just like other people—to come and go, unnoticed.

And no one could doubt that she sincerely wants to play only such parts as are foreign to her private life and that require real acting—or doubt that it is this desire which has put her at the very top of the heap for it is rather freely admitted now that, for actual performance, she and Helen Hayes rank side by side as the screen's finest actresses.

Yes, it is true that she carries her lunch to the studio in a little tin box and that she never eats in the dining room with the other stars and players. But it is also true that when she does not bring that box, which is often, she squeezes up at the lunch counter among the "grips"—and asks no favors.

Probably the most misunderstood star in Hollywood, Margaret Sullavan is certainly one of the most popular among the studio workers, parking lot attendants, gasoline station operators and all others of the common herd who come into contact with her.

For, in her heart, she is exactly like them, and, if anything, envies their freedom more than the most glittering crown in all Hollywood.

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Lilyan . . .

(*Continued from page 35*)

breaking part of it all: *Lilyan thought and hoped that she was going to have a baby.* She had been wanting one for so long. We both had. She had gone to the doctor two months previously and he had told her, and told me, that she was in perfect condition. *Two months later*, she went to him again, believing that she was in 'that' condition. We had been exultantly happy about it. We were happy about everything then. Lilyan had just won a part in 'Broadway Thru a Keyhole.' The night before—the night before the doctor knew—she had 'phoned me to Chicago and had told me about her belief in the baby, about her part.

"She had said, 'Darling, isn't it wonderful? Nothing can stop us now!' And that time the doctor knew. IT was there. He 'phoned me that night, the night after Lilyan had 'phoned me, to say that he was putting her in the hospital. I thought it had something to do with the baby. I thought that something had gone wrong again. The next day his letter reached me. He told me everything—in so many words. I was in my dressing-room, ready to go on, when they handed it to me. It was her death sentence. I felt as though it was mine, too. I came so near to fainting that I can't remember much of what followed. Curious, every bit of news of any dread significance always reached me when I was in my dressing-room. It seemed as though fate and the call to courage of the trouper hovered over both of us.

Had One Chance in a Hundred

"WHEN I flew home that time, expecting to find Lilyan haggard and ill, I found her sitting up in bed, radiant and more beautiful than ever. I remember so well just how she looked that morning, a band of blue ribbon around her hair. She was disappointed at her failure to be in the picture, but she had had word that they wanted her in New York and she was happy about that. They had told her that she had a non-malignant tumor which the radium had removed, and she believed it. She *did* believe it.

"I had a long talk with the doctor. He told me that in some cases there would be a two and a half per cent chance of recovery. Lilyan, he said, had a one per cent chance. Her youth was against her. Her terrific vitality was against her. It goes faster when one is young and vital. He told me that so far as examination could reveal, the thing was gone and if it did not return in two years' time, we could consider her cured. IF—

"It came back in two months. *She never knew what she had.* If she did, she never said the word. It seems odd that she didn't know—Lilyan, who could think around corners. Perhaps she did know it, in her sub-conscious mind. Perhaps it was for my sake that she never brought it to the surface of the conscious mind. She was gallant enough for that.

"I can't tell you what courage she had—I marveled at her so many times that I can't find words to tell the marvel of it now. Time and time again I have found her in her room, on her knees, twisted and writhing in agonies and have watched her, a few minutes later, greeting her dinner guests with a radiant smile. She insisted upon having dinner guests. She insisted upon going on, socially, professionally, personally, in *every* way, to the very last.

"How many times we've gone to pictures together, evenings, and I've seen her, out of the corner of my eye, stiffen and grasp the arms of the chair—like this. She didn't want anyone to know that she was ill. She wouldn't allow me to tell anyone that she was ill. She said that people got sick of people who were sick . . .

Had Premonition of End

"THERE was only one time during her entire illness that I ever heard her mention death or the possibility of dying. That was last New Year's Day when we had tickets for the Columbia-Stanford game. That day, she couldn't make it. I wanted to stay home with her and she made me go. She said, 'I'll feel worse if you give this up—you love football so much. I'll be happier if you go.' I didn't dare to insist. When I came home, I saw that she had been crying. I tried to comfort her. I talked of the trip we would make soon, to Honolulu, the blue waters, the dancing, the fun . . .

"Lilyan used to use a little phrase whenever she had occasion to tell me of someone who had died. She always said, 'Well, So-and-So's toes are turned up to the daisies.' That day she said to me, 'No, darling, I won't be going to Honolulu. By that time my toes will be turned up to the daisies; and when that time comes, I want you to go on living here, as we have always done, living your life, having a good time—' My heart nearly jumped out of my throat. It was an unbearable thing to hear from the lips of one who had been so much to me. I had to take a stiff tumblerful of whiskey. I had to laugh her out of it. I had to *laugh!*

"She never complained. She never felt sorry for herself. I think that was the greatest thing of all—she never felt sorry for herself. Which made it, of course, all the more heart-breaking to know about and watch. Even when she was making 'Riptide,' with Norma, and taking coal-tar products to dull the sharp knives of her suffering, not one member of that cast ever knew that she was ill. Not one word ever passed her lips. She would step onto that set and go through with her scenes as she had always done, gaily and casually. That was *bravery.* It was while she was making that picture that she came home one night and when I asked her how she felt, she said she had some abdominal pains. I knew what that meant.

Wouldn't Admit Turn for Worse

"IT was when we were on our way to New York that she took a bad turn for the worse. She wouldn't admit it. She wouldn't talk about it. She said that she had been in the hospital twice in the past year or so—once for the appendectomy, once in Hollywood; that was enough. It was bad for her, professionally. But as we were nearing Chicago she said to me, 'Dear, I do hope there won't be any reporters here to meet us. I don't think I can talk—to-day.' I told her that we wouldn't; that I would tell them she wasn't feeling well. 'No, don't say *that*', she said. 'I'd rather see them and talk to them than tell them that—'

"We were met there by a publisher and her husband and when they asked us for lunch, Lilyan insisted upon going. 'Why not?' she said. 'You have given up enough things because of me. It must be awfully tiresome for you to have someone around you who is always suffering.' *Tiresome*—for *me!*

"And so we went to New York—and the last picture—and more doctors. They had begun to give morphine in the last three weeks. Not until then. There were days when she worked on the set from seven in the morning until ten and later at nights. And again, not one person ever heard from her that she was ill; no one suspected what she was going through. She looked younger and more beautiful with the passing of every

day. Somehow, and I think you'll notice it when you see her in this last picture, 'Frankie and Johnnie', she seemed to grow softer and lovelier as she grew frailer.

"I had flu while we were there. Flu that was very near, one night, to pneumonia. And all of that night and the next one Lilyan sat up with me and nursed me. She wouldn't leave me, even with a nurse. And I can see her as she looked, leaving for the studio on the morning I was ready to be up and around, pausing by the door in a lovely black and lavender lace gown she was wearing, and saying to me, 'Don't try to walk up or down stairs, darling; you are still weak—'"

Ed paused a moment, as if trying to find words tender enough to give credit to such tenderness, words fine enough to pay tribute to such gallantry, words strong enough to commemorate such love . . . and I thought, too, of the many times I had talked with Lilyan during the fifteen years I had known them both and how she always said, half in fun, but wholly in earnest, "I would run a knife through any woman who took Ed away from me." I think she must know now that no one ever could, or ever will. I remembered, too, the many times she had said to me, "I would rather talk to Ed, be with Ed, than talk to or be with any other man I have ever known." Beneath the modern pattern of the days and ways of these two, who were together for sixteen years, there lived a companionship as close and tender as human minds can knit it and a love as intense and warm as human hearts can make it. We all knew that.

Wanted to Do "So Many Things"

"WE went to all the shows back there," Ed told me, "to openings, to the Colony Club for dinner. We had our own car and chauffeur there with us. I am glad to remember that now. When I first suggested taking it East, Lilyan thought it might be too expensive. I told her she should be glad that we didn't need to consider that. And so, one night, driving to the theatre, she suddenly cuddled up to me and said, 'Isn't it wonderful, darling, you and I here, like this, in New York, with our own car and driver from California?' And as we talked we realized that we were passing the very street, the very apartment house where Lilyan had lived when we first began to go together. I said to her that night, 'We'll do lots of things like this, dear, together' and she said, 'There are so *many* things I want to do, with you . . .'

"The next day she went into the hospital. They operated on a Friday, in the hope of averting some of the suffering ahead of her; in the hope that they might, perhaps, find that it was other than they thought it. When they came out of the operating room, those marvelous doctors, their faces were long. They said, 'It will be merciful for her if she doesn't get well.' For a day or two it looked as though she were rallying. She didn't want anyone to know where she was. 'Don't tell them I am in the hospital again,' she begged me. They operated on Friday; she died the following Wednesday.

"The night she went into the last unconsciousness, the last delirium, she was talking to me. She said, 'Isn't it funny, the things we think are worth while, the things we try so hard to have? It doesn't matter to me now whether I ever make another picture or not. I don't care whether or not I have enough clothes. I know now that there are only two things I *really* care about, really want. I want you and I want my health again.' And I said to her, trying to laugh, 'Well, you have me and you are getting well again—so what?'

"She died in my arms. She knows that now.

"I had a Mass said for her. When I 'phoned the priest about it, he told me

(*Continued on page 75*)

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Why Jean Harlow's Last Marriage Collapsed

(*Continued from page 45*)

this marriage, even though I've known for weeks that it is a mistake. If I could only have one grand picture under my belt first! I am so afraid of the reaction of the public to a divorce so soon after my marriage! But what am I to do? How long can I keep on denying rumors? How long can I hide my disappointment under a smile? I married Hal because I loved him deeply and sincerely. I thought, 'At last I have found the happiness I've always longed for.' And now —well, *what am I to do?* What am I to do to find what I want so desperately—peace and happiness and a real home? Should I marry again?"

I kept Jean Harlow's confidence while she made her tragic and desperate effort to adjust differences, to fight the avalanche of rumors of her inevitable separation from Hal Rosson, her third husband.

It was a valiant and a gallant fight. And Jean Harlow lost. Hal Rosson lost. Their coming divorce was headlined to the nation on the day after Jean had served as maid-of-honor at Carmelita Geraghty's wedding to Carey Wilson—and had explained her tears during the marriage service with a pathetic "marriages make me so sad."

Jean Harlow is a figure of tragedy. At twenty-three, she has known drama and pain and heart-break. Her life has been defined by a frantic seeking after happiness; by a nameless want that neither fame nor great achievement has satisfied.

She sought it in marriage. First with Charles McGrew, II, scion of a fine Chicago family. She was only sixteen then. The slight, dark, romantic boy first glimpsed the silver-haired Jean under a moon-drenched tree. And from that moment their fate was sealed. They married on September 21, 1927, and were divorced in January, 1931.

Between that divorce and her marriage on July 23, 1932 to Paul Bern, the producer, she was skyrocketed to stardom. She became a symbol of flaming passion. Her glittering hair became an international trade-mark.

Paul Bern died by his own hand a scant two months after their marriage, and Jean again knew a dreadful bitterness, a frightening frustration.

A Marriage Between Friends

IN Hal Rosson she found companionship—a quietness, a placidity that erased to some extent the nightmare memories of her second marriage. Her young romance had ended in disillusionment. Her maturer love had ended in tragedy. Perhaps in this third marriage she would find compensation for the bitterness that had been her portion.

Jean had met Hal when she was making tests for the "Red-Headed Woman." He saw beneath her sharp veneer—saw the latent possibilities that she so richly realized in "Red Dust" and "Dinner at Eight" and "The Blonde Bombshell." He deified her with his camera—and made, of an attractive girl, a startling, breath-taking beauty.

Gratitude is Jean Harlow's outstanding characteristic. Whether it was for love or out of a deep gratitude for understanding and appreciation, she married Hal Rosson, recognized as one of the truly great cameramen in the industry. He had been her friend for two years. He had been Paul Bern's friend—and her friend during her hours of anguish following Paul's death.

On September 18, 1933, they eloped to Yuma. As the dawn was breaking, they took their marriage vows before a sleepy judge. Jean was hatless; she had a run in her stocking. The pilot who had flown them to the Marriage Mecca was a witness.

Jean wanted happiness in marriage desperately. She did not find it with Hal Rosson. And but a few short hours after the news of their forthcoming divorce was blazoned to the world, Jean again discussed with me her marriage to Hal and the reasons for its failure. She said:

"You've known the truth. But for months I've denied all rumors of our impending separation in the hope that our differences could be adjusted. I told you three months ago that it couldn't last—but I still hoped that it would. I *prayed* that it would.

Claims They Had No Battle

"WE had no argument. For a week, quite quietly, we had discussed the matter—and finally on Saturday, May fifth, less than eight months after our marriage, we decided that it was no use to try any longer. Hal moved to his club.

"We're adults—not children. There was no need for hectic emotion, for ranting and raving. We had made a mistake. If two people aren't happy together, it is foolish to continue. Why should a mistake be prolonged for fear of public opinion? It is best to finish it definitely and decidedly and honestly.

"Hal wanted to make me over. But he couldn't do that. He should have known that he couldn't. He had known me two years before our marriage. He knew the sort of person I was—my limitations and my needs. He knew that I had allegiances to myself—not as Jean Harlow, the person, but as Jean Harlow, the motion picture actress, who must do many things a wife without a career does not do. I had to maintain many interests—in people and in activities. Of course, I have never been able to see why marriage should destroy a woman's normal interest in other people and limit her to interest in only *one*—her husband.

"Essentially, our differences can't be defined. I can't put my finger on just exactly *what* was wrong. I have always found tragedy in love. And yet I've tried honestly to give more to marriage than I've received, to give of myself completely. I don't want to make a 'heavy' of Hal. He isn't. He never was. Our divorce is no more Hal's fault than it is mine. We simply weren't meant for each other.

"I don't think any woman has ever wanted marriage in the fullest sense more than I did—and do! But I've been married three times. And all three marriages have spelled great unhappiness for me.

May Not Marry Again

"AFTER Paul went, I said that every woman had a right to a home and children and the companionship and friendship and love of a man. You remember, three months ago when I first realized that our marriage couldn't last, I told you that I might marry again and try to find peace and happiness and contentment.

"But now I feel differently about it. I feel now as if I shall never marry again. I am not superstitious. But it seems as if some unkind Fate is unwilling to let me marry. I am just not meant to be a happy wife—a happy mother.

"And it isn't quite fair to say that motion pictures—and my career—are responsible for the failure of this marriage. No one can

determine with certainty what might have happened in another environment, under other conditions.

"I am not bitter. I have no resentment toward Hal or toward life. I've learned to accept whatever happens, placidly and passively—to accept everything that happens as it happens. In analyzing my life, I am startled by the fact that I have had very little to do with the big things that have happened to me. I've been passive—and Fate has done with me as it wished. I have had so little to do with the tragedies and the disappointments that have come to me. And so I've developed a philosophy—and that philosophy of life precludes my worrying about the inevitable. I can't do anything about it. I am passive, and I am swept along.

"My life isn't ended. There is work to be done; there are friends to be loved; good books to be read, happiness to be achieved! I shall try to find it—not in marriage certainly. Perhaps I am not meant for marriage, even though I've desired it so urgently. But there are other things to life. In them I shall find at least contentment.

No Chance of Reconciliation

"HAL and I are through. I have always felt that it sounded silly, when a husband and wife had made up their minds to seek a divorce, to announce that now they would be better friends than ever, that they would see more of each other.

"But our marriage is finished. There will be no reconciliation, nor will we see each other every day. We didn't part in recrimination and bitterness. I am glad of that. We haven't impaired our respect for each other anyway."

At the moment Jean has no definite plans for an immediate divorce, though she may have by the time you read this. She is in the midst of making "One Hundred Per Cent Pure" but Hal Rosson is not the photographer. When the complaint is filed, the charges will be incompatibility.

Whether Jean wills it or not, romance will come to her again. She is a magnet for love—a challenge to love. Not so much because her body is the most alluring in the world, but because she has a penetrating mind, an astute and brilliant wit, a gentle and a tolerant and a comprehensive philosophy. And the paradox which is Jean Harlow is fated to attract love and romance and attention.

But Jean Harlow can never wholly belong to one man. For primarily she belongs to ambition.

For Jean, the actress, applause might be enough. For the Jean of the hungry heart, it can never be enough. Love is her destiny—a destiny that she can't achieve, unless there comes a man with so modern a philosophy, so broad-visioned, so understanding, that he will give odds to the woman of talent!



Tom Collins

Hal Roach, the comedy producer, deserves a great big hand for having signed Irvin S. Cobb (above), the well-known humorist, to appear in his comedies

The men who "mislaid" my telephone number . . . *are finding it again.*



"After I removed the 7 stains from my teeth, the telephone started ringing again. I'd found a new beauty—a new popularity."

"THREE MONTHS AGO you wouldn't have believed we had a telephone!

"All the romance I got then was out of magazines. And in them I noticed *an ad for Colgate's . . .*

"It told how everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves seven kinds of stains on teeth . . . how men loathe discolored teeth in women.

"I looked in my mirror. Sure enough—my teeth were getting dull and discolored although I hadn't suspected it till then. *So I decided to try Colgate's.*

"I liked it. It was refreshing! Left my breath sweet! And almost before I knew it, my teeth were so white, so beautiful! And maybe you think I didn't smile and show them!

"Then the telephone started to ring again. And now men say my smile is dazzling."

Don't Gamble With Your Charm
Remove the 7 stains with
Colgate's—completely

It is true—most toothpastes cannot remove all the seven kinds of stains. For most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action—and one isn't enough. But Colgate's has *two* actions. An *emulsive* action that washes away many of the stains . . . a gentle *polishing* action that removes all the others.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Note how beautifully white and lustrous it makes your teeth. And at 20c for the large-size tube, Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes.

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If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions, sells at the same low prices.



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The Approved Mascara

New Gold and Scarlet Metal Case

These Movies

(*Continued from page 37*)

gentle, it is reminiscent of that earlier hit. The laughs tumble over each other, they come so fast; there's romance to boot, and excitement, and even twinges of pathos. There isn't much that it doesn't have in the line of entertainment. Menjou and the Temple child are superb; and some of the others aren't far behind them. They're a colorful crowd, as their character names testify. Dorothy Dell is *Bangles;* Bickford is *Big Steve;* Lynne Overman (he's a well-known Broadway comedian and smoothie) is *Regret;* Warren Hymer is *Canvas Back;* Sam Hardy is *Bennie, the Gouge;* and Tammany Young is *Buggs.*

SADIE McKEE—M-G-M

Joan Repeats Her Previous Self

HISTORY isn't the only thing that repeats itself. A movie hit has a habit of doing the same thing. Because Joan Crawford made the box-office cash registers jingle in "Dancing Lady," she plays much the same sort of spunky gal in "Sadie McKee." The difference is that Joan isn't a dancer this time and has more acting to do. And this time Franchot Tone—who, by the way, again is a man-about town, with clothes to match—wins the gal.

Like many a fiery person, Joan (in the picture) is obstinate. She starts out hating Tone, in whose father's home she is a maid, and loving Gene Raymond, a ne'er-do-well singer with whom she runs away to New York. And it takes her a long time to change her mind. In the meantime, Gene runs off with Esther Ralston, ex-vaudeville-headliner—and Joan, on the rebound, marries a drunken millionaire (Edward Arnold). Tone, his lawyer, tries to prevent the marriage—but finally comes to respect the girl, who makes over his friend. Yet she's still bitter toward him—until events conspire to open her eyes. And the events do seem to conspire; the dramatists' last resort, coincidence, smooths everything out. Joan is real enough, and so are Franchot and Gene and Edward and Esther; but the story seems theatrical and artificial. Yes, and a bit gray—from age.

HE WAS HER MAN—

Warners

Cagney Keeps You in Suspense

JAMES CAGNEY changes his pace in "He Was Her Man." He gets away from the light, chipper sort of rôle and goes in for melodrama again—suspenseful melodrama. A gangster just out of prison, he plots a robbery with two ex-pals whom he secretly blames for his "taking the rap"; he tips off the cops, who catch one, but miss the other. That baddie puts "the finger" on Jimmy. Jimmy, knowing the gangland sentence that is on him, lights out for San Francisco, and there meets a streetwalker (Joan Blondell) who is intending to go straight and marry a young fisherman (Victor Jory) in a Coast village. With 'Frisco getting too "hot" for him, Jimmy decides to go to the village, too, —and, before the wedding, falls in love with her, with Joan succumbing to his advances. But meanwhile, his relentless pursuers have again picked up his trail—and life looks more important than romance to him. About this time, you're sitting on the edge of your seat, waiting for the suspense to break. And when it does break, it's likely to chill you—and haunt you. Jimmy lives his rôle of a fugitive from bitter justice; his nervousness is contagious. Joan also is convincing as an emotional weakling. And Victor Jory is splendid as the fisherman, whose emotions aren't complicated. In the background, Frank Craven molds another drily amusing character sketch.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS—

Paramount

Two Sylvias in One Sprightly Film

"THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS" is loaded with laughs, and gives a new and timely twist to the princess-of-a-mythical-kingdom idea. It's sprightly fun all the way, and just as much satire as it is comedy. Sylvia Sidney plays a dual rôle—that of *Princess Catterina of Taronia,* who comes to New York to create good-will so that her country can float a bond issue in America, and *Nancy Lane,* third-rate actress, who is drafted to impersonate the Princess when that young lady catches the mumps. The principal person she has to impress is Cary Grant, vitriolic publisher. And, of course, they fall in love—but she's afraid to admit it because she's only a "thirty-day princess," and he doesn't dare hope that a princess could love a mere publisher. Particularly, when she has a violent suitor in the person of *Prince Nicholaus* (Vince Barnett). Sylvia, as a comédienne, is a novelty worth seeing—if you're in the mood for something light, frothy and amusing.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA—M-G-M

Far-Fetched, But Packs a Punch

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA" is as improbable as some of the "daily true stories" you can read in the small-size newspapers. But that doesn't keep it from being forceful—with Clark Gable, William Powell and Myrna Loy in the main rôles. As boys, Gable and Powell are both rescued from the burning excursion ship, *General Slocum*—and more or less grow up together on New York's seething East Side. But while Gable becomes a big gambler, Powell becomes a lawyer—and marries Gable's girl (Myrna). Gable, however, doesn't resent that; far from it. When Powell is District Attorney with ambitions to become Governor, Gable wipes out a man who threatened to be a worry to Powell; he's caught, tried by Powell, convicted. Then as Governor, Powell faces the question: Should he pardon his old friend? I won't tell you the ending—but I will say it's contrary to human nature, particularly such human nature as Gable reveals earlier in the picture. Clark puts his usual punch in his rôle; Powell is, as usual, suave; and Myrna is poised and charming.

NO GREATER GLORY—

Columbia

It's Different; You'll Remember It

"NO GREATER GLORY" is an unusual picture—and an unusually fine picture. No sensitive person should miss it. On the surface, it tells a story of two rival gangs of young boys who fight over possession of a vacant lot; under the surface, it says, "This is war in miniature. These are war emotions in embryo." The story is told from the side of the Paul Street Boys, whose opponents are the Reds; you see them organize as an "army," plan strategies as generals do, honor bravery and despise treachery as patriots do. And your attention fastens particularly on George Breaks-

ton, the only private (all the rest are officers), who is heart-breaking in his ambition to be a hero—and who, in the end, dies. This boy is a remarkable actor; he does what he wants with your emotions. But part of the credit must go to Frank Borzage, the director, who once more has proved his knowledge of human nature in his handling of these boys, and in his telling of this sympathetic, yet ironic story.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—

Paramount

Plenty of Bing, Plenty of Nonsense

IF Sir James Barrie ever sees "We're Not Dressing," he will probably be glad they changed the title of the comedy he originally wrote, because they also changed the story of "The Admirable Crichton" almost beyond recognition. Yet, it emerges as entertainment—of the musical comedy variety. Barrie's play was a satire of millionaires shipwrecked on a desert island, with a butler becoming leader of the castaways, because only he knew what to do. "We're Not Dressing" turns the butler into a sailor (Bing Crosby), who becomes boss all right, but doesn't have to do much except sing and make love to Carole Lombard, usually under difficult circumstances. (Bing sings ten times, no less.) Once, he's wrestling with a bear as he exercises his vocal chords. Leon Errol is present as a dizzy millionaire "admiral," whose fiancée is Ethel Merman (she has a couple of amusing song numbers, herself). On the island already are George Burns and Gracie Allen, naturalists—and Gracie has some inventions that deserve some of her inimitable prattle. It's a great big dose of nonsense and song. But don't misunderstand me; it's not an overdose.

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio

Light Bandit-Singer Romance

RICHARD DIX and Irene Dunne, the well-remembered team of "Cimarron," are together again—but they have no "Cimarron" this time. What they do have is a romance that is essentially light, despite its intermittent excitement. In it Irene sings for the first time on the screen (and does very well, thank you), while Dix attends to most of the acting—with some able and amusing help from Mary Boland, as Irene's Nemesis, and Andy Devine, as his buddy.

The setting is Australia in the 1870's. Dix is a bold, but not so bad bandit who falls in love at first sight with Irene, who has musical ambitions, but no opportunities. Dix kidnaps her, then brings her back to give a "command" performance before an opera impresario (Conway Tearle). Dix gets caught for his trouble, but Irene starts on the road to operatic fame. Years later, finding life empty without her *Stingaree*, she returns to Australia. Dix, who has escaped prison, again risks capture for her sake—to hear her sing "Tonight Is Mine"—and again runs off with her, for an ending you are supposed to guess.

It almost makes up in color what it lacks in plausibility—but strip it of its Australian veneer, transpose it to our own prairies, and it would look like a Western with music and a couple of new twists. In any guise, it would still look like another case of an outlaw being glorified. Moviegoers have rebelled against seeing gangsters; but does that prove that moviegoers are now hankering to see lone-wolf outlaws, even when they are swashbuckling, romantic, happy-go-lucky fellows? I can't help wondering. For the plot has *Stingaree*, like the yellower modern gangster, taking what he wants when he wants it. The saving part is that he does it amusingly; adults will smile. But youngsters—?

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About



WRONG MAKE-UP *gives a "hard", "cheap" look.*



RIGHT MAKE-UP *provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.*

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—*Pandora* and *Poppy*



The Lipstick

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



Angelus Rouge Incarnat

By LOUIS PHILIPPE

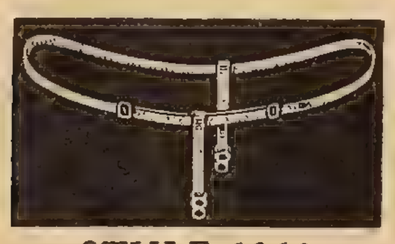
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You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, *too*

Bette Davis—The ASSEMBLED Star

(*Continued from page 52*)

"Dressler?—she's like a Rolls-Royce limousine," said one. "You know—big, and solid, and dependable, and never seems to wear out, but always gives satisfaction."

"And Joan Crawford?"

"A swell paint job," grinned Ern Westmore, the make-up expert, who was with us.

Bette Asked to Be Catalogued

BY this time, Bette Davis, having finished a "take," had joined us and was listening. Suddenly she demanded:

"What about ME? How would you rate ME in your auto classifications?"

For a moment or two, there was silence. Then Ern Westmore had an inspiration:

"You? Bette, you're what an auto man would call a first-rate ASSEMBLY JOB!"

"Meaning just exactly what?" she demanded. "And if you make any funny cracks about my chassis or shock-absorbers, Ern, I'll tell *your* wife and *my* husband!"

So Ern explained nicely—like this:

"In automotive parlance, in case any of you don't know, an 'assembly job' is a car that's made in sections in different factories. The frame is made at one, the body here, the fenders there, the motor some place else, and so on. Then these parts are all gathered at an assembly plant, and there 'assembled' together to produce the finished car.

"Well, like an assembled car, Bette Davis is an ASSEMBLED STAR. Look at her to-day—the finished job as you see her on the screen or the street—and you can take her apart, just as they do autos, and find parts of Connie Bennett and of Tallulah Bankhead; of Garbo and Crawford and Hepburn; of George Arliss, too, and of Myrna Loy; and, yes, even of grand Lilyan Tashman! . . . From each of them, Bette has taken something—lifted some distinctive trick of appearance or mannerism or showmanship, and made it part of herself."

And from there, Ern went on to explain further—something like this.

Not "Stealing" Anybody's Stuff

"STEALING somebody else's stuff," some have called it, but Bette doesn't look at it that way. Rather, she says, it was a process of studying others' work and profiting thereby—as any good craftsman does, no matter what the craft. And if in some cases, the adoption of somebody else's stuff was so startling that it set tongues to wiggling, then, says Bette, "What of it?"

Anyway, you all remember what happened when Bette flashed across the screen opposite George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God," don't you? A nice piece of work she did, but was that what the critics and fans said? No!—they all chorused, "My, oh my, oh my, oh my—here's a 'second Connie Bennett!'" She looked like Connie, she sounded like Connie, she acted like Connie. So much so that Connie, herself, got so mad about it that you couldn't get to her to talk about Bette looking like her!

Now, was that intentional on Bette's part? Bette says, "No, it just happened," and gives you that wide-eyed baby stare that's supposed to be one of Connie's own patented and copyrighted tricks-of-the-trade! Yet, the fact remains—and Bette won't deny it — that she deliberately bleached her hair to the Connie shade. . . .

You see, when Bette first arrived in Hollywood, after Universal signed her to a three-year contract on the strength of her stage work, she looked like a blonde Tallulah Bankhead off-screen—but when the movie lights and cameras had done their work, her naturally blonde hair came out *dark* on the silver sheet.

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"— what Beautipon Cream has done in my case. I think the result is remarkable, as I have actually developed my bust 4½ inches." —G.A.

Daisy Stebbing, Suite 22, Forest Hills, New York

"She has that Bankhead indolence and that Bankhead drawl," they said when they saw the rushes on her first movie scenes, "but that brown hair doesn't look so hot. She's just a *little brown wren!*"

HAD to Add to Chassis

"THAT'S what they said about me," Bette says, now; "—'the little brown wren!' Me, who had always been a blonde. It sounded like defeat to me, and I was pretty heart-broken. I wasn't big enough to have the studio make-up department worry about me, so it was up to me whether I climbed out of this first defeat, or not. They loaned me out to other shops for bits and tiny rôles, and I knew movie oblivion was dated on the day of my first option. So I began to look around. . . ."

And because she's not stupid, she began to figure what it was that Connie Bennett, for instance, had that Bette Davis didn't have. And then came a call to Warners' for a test for the Arliss picture. Bette took a chance. She had her hair bleached. Blonde as it was, she had it bleached even blonder. And she had it cut. Now, it may have been just accident that they cut it like Connie's and that Bette, for the test, dressed it like Connie's.

Anyway, when the Warner executives saw the test, they screamed in unison, "Ah, a gold mine—another Bennett; we've got RKO on the spot!" And so they signed Bette Davis. And Bette Davis, after satisfying them by Conniebennetting through the Arliss film, immediately upset all their predictions by assembling other tricks from other stars.

"If it worked in the Connie case, why won't it work in others?" might have been her motto. So what?

Well, watch her hands, sometime. "H'm," you'll say, "she uses them as effectively as Helen Hayes does hers. Wonder if she 'stole' that from Helen?"

Has "Floating Power" Hands

AS a matter of fact, she didn't. She got that from George Arliss—and didn't have to "steal" it. Arliss gave it to her. There is no more meticulous man than Arliss when it comes to training his casts. Rehearsing for "The Man Who Played God," he showed little Bette what to do with her hands—how to make them the most effective part of her person in certain moods and scenes, rather than the most awkward part. And what he taught her, she has retained. And so, in Bette Davis' hands and what she does with them on the screen, you have the Arliss contribution to the ensemble that's called Bette Davis.

So let's see, now—we've got four brands already: 1—the Bette Davis frame on which the other parts are being attached; 2—the Bankhead languor and drawl that she brought from the stage; 3—the Connie Bennett look that she got from the hair bleach and coiffure; 4—the George Arliss hands that she got from Arliss, himself.

That brings us to the day when she realized that there is more to being a star than what you do ON the screen. It's what you do OFF the screen that counts, too. She learned that from Katharine Hepburn. There is no more startling off-screen actress in Hollywood than Hepburn, and the reams of publicity-that-makes-stars astounded Bette. "H'm; if SHE can do that, why not I?" she might have soliloquized again.

And so she broke out with interviews and stunts that rivaled Hepburn's showmanship. She gave an interview about her married life in which she departed from the set formula of "We'll-always-be-happy" and said, Hepburnishly, "Oh, I don't know whether it'll last or not. What the ———?"—or words to that effect. And she did that stunt that set people gossiping about her everywhere: when the tittle-tattlers whispered that all was not well between her and hubby

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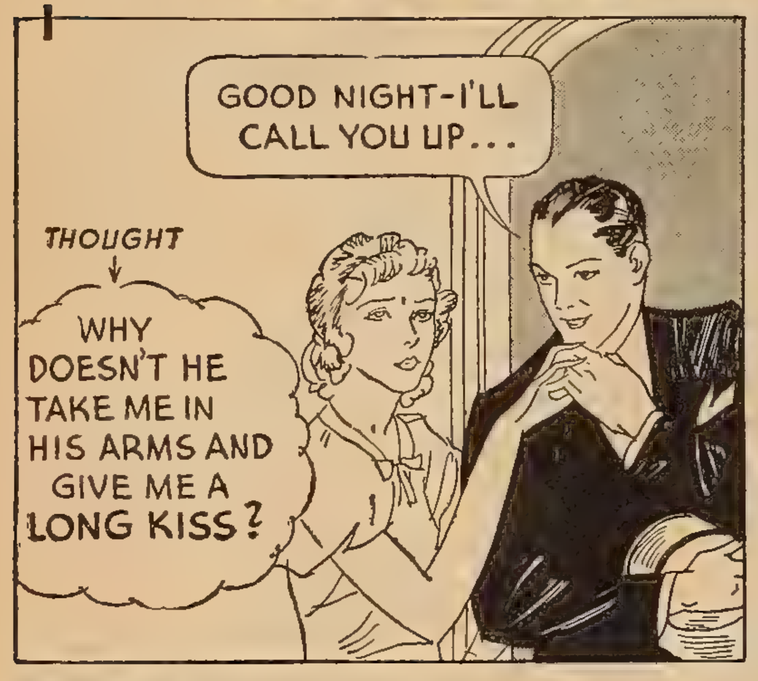
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If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*...This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof
Indelible **LIPSTICK**

Harmon Nelson, she suddenly appeared at a Hollywood première with not ONE, but SIX young men as escorts. No more Hepburnish stunt could be imagined, and with it, Bette got equally Hepburnish publicity.

Took to Unusual Upholstery

AND that's not all. Bette also observed the great gobs of publicity that had accrued to Lilyan Tashman for years. And she analyzed it and added it up and found that the sum always spelled: C-L-O-T-H-E-S. So Bette did her stuff. Always well-dressed before, Bette had recently added that little further touch that spells spectacularism, rather than just good-dressism. Look at any group picture that Bette is in, and you'll note that she stands out just a little differently, a little more noticeably, by some extreme trick of dress or accessory. The true Tashman touch!

And so, add to the other parts of Bette: 5—The Hepburn showmanship that she got from studying Katie, herself; and 6—The Tashman-touch in clothes.

So we come to the Day of the Great Screams from the Warner front-offices. They were looking at rushes of Bette Davis in the tests for "Fashions of 1934," were the executives. Suddenly, from the darkened projection room, issued the Great Scream. Who gave it, no one knows—whether it was one of the Warners, or one of the Warners' first assistant assistants, or all of them in unison. But the scream sounded like: "Send that Bette Davis girl in here at once!"

She came. "What are you, anyhow?" they wanted to know. "Are you Bette Davis or are you Connie Bennett or are you maybe GARBO?" For there, on the screen, was Bette *a la* Garbo, herself. Her hair was in a long bob, and straight like Garbo's. Front view, she looked sort of lousy, to be frank, and she admits it. But all of a sudden, there she was *en profile*—and the resemblance to Garbo was stunning!

Acquired New "Lamps"

NOW, even for movie execs, too much is too much! "Nix!" they told Bette. "Change it!" they ordered. "We can have another Bennett or things like that, but you can't be another Garbo and get away with it!" Bette argued; she said, sincerely, that she hadn't meant to be like Garbo, but could she help it? They were adamant, however, and so Bette turned back to the dressing-room, and when she came out again, she was Joan Crawford . . . !

She had taken the lip-rouge box and smeared it all over her mouth. She had taken the eye-shadow and the lash-stuff, and blobbed it around her orbs. And when the rushes came out, the front-office force screamed again and said:

"So now she isn't a Garbo any more, she's a *Sadie Thompson* Crawford!!!!"

Once again: "Can I help it?" wailed Bette. Of course, she admitted, she had seen Crawford's big-mouth-and-eyes make-up and found it interesting. And maybe, subconsciously, she had aped it—but certainly not intentionally; oh, certainly, no!

"Well, don't do it," ordered the bosses again. And again, Bette went into her dressing-room and undid the Crawford stuff. Yet—watch her on the screen now, and you'll see, beyond argument, that those two experiments have left a distinct mark on her. You'll see, in flashes, a bit of Garboism, a bit of Crawfording, here and there—in looks, in poise, in action, in voice—and you'll know that to the assembly-job that's called Bette Davis, there has been irremovably added: 7—the Garbo what-is-it; and 8—the Crawford soulful look and oh-the-tragedy-of-it! demeanor. And now she's adding item No. 9—the Loy touch.

But let's go back to the beginning of this yarn. We're all there on the RKO lot again, where Bette's working opposite Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage." Ern has



BLONDES
heed this warning!

THERE'S a lot of "come hither" in sparkling, real golden blonde hair! But watch the danger line at the part, around the forehead—hair darkening at the roots. It ruins a blonde's attractiveness. Whether it's due to hair growing in darker or imperfect care, all you need is BLONDEX, the unusual shampoo designed to *keep* blonde hair always *beautiful*. Blondex is not a harsh dye. Simply a fine powder bubbling instantly into a beneficial, frothy lather. *Naturally* brings out all the dazzling charm, the golden sheen and lustre that makes blonde hair so fascinating. Get the inexpensive 25c package, or the economical $1 size, at any drug or department store. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave Set? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky or flaky.*

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HOW TO HAVE THEM

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just finished explaining that assembly-job as I've detailed it here. Suddenly, he looks at Bette.

"Am I right, or am I right?" he demands.

Bette gives him the Bennett eyes and the Crawford look and the Arliss hands, and she says, "Maybe, Ern, maybe, but it wasn't intentional. . . ."

Ern grins, points at her hair.

"You had me dye it red, didn't you?"

"Yes," says Bette.

"And you didn't happen to know, did you, that Myrna Loy's hair is red?"

Yes, she knew, says Bette.

"And of course, darling," grinned Ern, "you don't happen to realize that Loy's the type that's zooming toward the top in fan-appeal right now, do you?"

"Oh, Ern—you mean, MEAN thing!" said Bette. "You wouldn't insinuate, would you, that I'm *stealing* Myrna's stuff?"

And she winked. . . . !

Lilyan . . .

(*Continued from page 67*)

that they could not say the Black Mass. It was the Friday before Good Friday and they would have to say the Pink Mass. It was one of the two days of the year when this Mass is said. He explained to me that purple and white together make pink. The purple is for the agony of Our Lord and the white is for the hope of his resurrection. I was glad that it was that way. It seemed so strange. Lilyan *was* pink, you know . . .

Saw Her Face in Fresco

"AND while the Mass was going on I looked at the fresco over the altar. It was a Fra Angelica, I think, with the Madonna painted white and with blue eyes and pale gold hair, as Fra Angelica always painted his Madonnas. And at first I thought my own emotions were confusing me. Because the face looking down at me so tenderly, so compassionately, so understandingly was *Lilyan's face.* As we were leaving the Church, Irene Barrymore came to me and said, 'Did you notice the face in the fresco? *Wasn't that Lilyan's face?*' I shall go back there when I am in New York again.

"People have criticized the scene that the crowds of people made when Lilyan was laid to rest. They have said that it was bad taste, irreverent, morbid curiosity. I don't think so. Lilyan wouldn't think so, either. It was their way of showing that they cared. It was the mark given to a trouper as she passed. While we are living, what else do people come to see us for but out of love and curiosity? That was what they were giving Lilyan then. *It was all right.* We both thought so . . .

"I can't pay *one* tribute to Lilyan—there are too many tributes to too many qualities. She was, above all, *honest.* You know how honest she was. She was loyal, and she was very kind. She met Life, loving it, with a gay and gallant smile; and when Death came, she met him, too, honestly, bravely and gallantly.

"A friend of mine greeted me when I came back, alone. He said, 'You have had more in your sixteen years of marriage than I will ever know.'

"I *have* had more. More of everything—because she held all of the gifts in her hands. If the pain now is commensurately greater, it is because the pride and pleasure were more than falls to the lot of most men."

Two really great performances were given this past year, I thought: Lilyan's and—Ed's.

"This simple Method gave her A SECOND HONEYMOON"



From an interview with Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert, leading gynecologist of Vienna

"She was a wreck when she came into my office! Pale. Nervous. Tearful. The perfect example of what mere fear can do!

"Sound advice on marriage hygiene was all she needed. That was all I gave her. In two words. 'Use "Lysol".'

"She took my advice and in two months she came to see me again. Completely changed. Her old buoyancy and youth had returned. She was gay, confident. In love with life. In love with her husband. And radiant with the beauty I thought she'd lost! This simple method gave her a second honeymoon.

"I have tested "Lysol" for many years. I know the certainty of its germ-destroying power even in the presence of organic matter."

(*Signed*) DR. PAULA KARNIOL-SCHUBERT

What Dr. Paula Karniol-Schubert advises for her patients, distinguished physicians everywhere advise.

"Lysol" kills germs. It's safe. For 40 years it has had full acceptance of the medical profession throughout the world. No other antiseptic is so generally recommended for home use.



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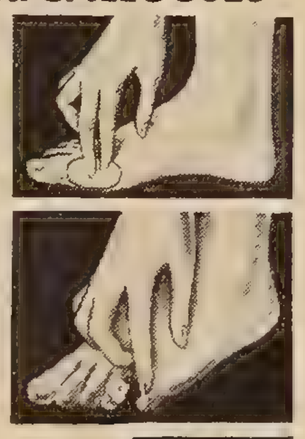
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Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 9*)

couple together . . . Jessica Dragonette, who soothes your ear-drums on the radio, will soothe your eyes on the screen in "The Big Broadcast of 1934." And Joe Penner will try to sell that duck in the same picture. . . Douglas Fairbanks is planning to live on his big ranch near San Diego.

Any Names Picked Yet, Joan?

JOAN BLONDELL is going to Tahiti for a holiday with hubby George Barnes. But she'll be back in time for that Blessed Event in October . . . Joan was recently given a cup by the Wampas for being the Wampas Baby Star who had traveled farthest (in a screen way) in the past three years. She was a 1931 starlet. . . . You won't see Joan Bennett, a recent mother, on the screen for some time yet. She and hubby Gene Markey are abroad for two months—far from the scene of Richard Bennett's marital troubles with Joan's stepmother, the former Angela Raisch. . . . Richard Arlen, who hasn't had a real vacation in years, reports having the time of his life in Europe. And his wife (Jobyna Ralston) and son were with him, too. . . . The Clive Brooks (and two children) are going to motor through Europe this summer. . . . Margaret Sullavan is now walking, cycling and driving through England. . . . A sign on an excavation for a new building on Hollywood Boulevard reads "Free Dirt." Eight Hollywood columnists stopped by in one day to investigate. . . .

The Stars Who Pack 'Em In

AT the annual convention of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America held in Hollywood last month, the theatre men spoke right up in meeting. They named names in discussing what stars are really drawing cards at the box-office.

Will Rogers and Marie Dressler are regarded as the box-office leaders of to-day—Rogers regardless of his vehicle, Marie if her picture is worthy of her. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor are next in line, but their films must be good, too. Ann Harding is liked better by women than men. Margaret Sullavan is the biggest potential star among the newcomers.

The exhibitors confirmed the report that Garbo is slipping and did not believe that Dietrich was holding up so well. Mae West is still a question mark. "She Done Him Wrong" was tremendous, but "I'm No Angel," although a big money-maker, disappointed and may bring about a bad reaction upon "It Ain't No Sin." If her fourth picture is a crackerjack, it will re-establish her. Katharine Hepburn, according to the theatre men, hasn't meant much at the box-office except in "Little Women," and that draw was credited to the popularity of the book, not to the star

Jolson Takes It All Back

AL JOLSON has changed his mind. After giving MOVIE CLASSIC an interview in which he said he was through with pictures forever, he signed a new five-year contract for one musical a year with Warner Brothers.

At the time MOVIE CLASSIC presented the story, you may remember, we qualified his statements several times by inserting "so he says" after the remarks he made about quitting the screen "forever." You see, we have been interviewing actors for many years and we know that what they mean to-day, they may not mean to-morrow. All we can do is to tell you accurately what they say.

Don't be an AIREDALE



IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look—and the irritation—that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free—and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores—50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN

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NEW YORK?

You'll find the old town happier . . business is better . . people are gayer.

You'll be looking for a hotel that's convenient, comfortable, friendly and easy on your pocket book.

Come to the Piccadilly, one of New York's newest hotels. Rooms are sound-proofed, with plenty of light and air and sleep-inducing beds.

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Single Room **$2.50** *up* Private Bath

HOTEL PICCADILLY

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Now under Arthur Lee Direction

Johnny Loops with Lupe

LUPE VELEZ, headed East for a five-week personal appearance tour, was accompanied by Johnny Weissmuller. "What for should I leave my Johnny?" Lupe demanded. "No, he goes with me. He can golf all day while I work, but I want him in the same town at the same time. I'm no fool." . . . . You can make of that what you will.

Extras Get the Axe

THE Hollywood Central Casting Bureau's list of registered extras is being cut from a total of more than seventeen thousand to fifteen hundred. Only those who have managed to work fairly regularly will be retained. Curtailing of the call list will unquestionably be accompanied by loud complaints from those left out, but it seems to be the only thing to do. Do you need to be warned again not to try for a job in the movies? . . .

Exercise by Proxy

HOLLYWOOD has again fallen for an exhibition of endurance. Its latest popular fad is attending a Walkathon, similar to marathon dancing, except that the contestants walk, instead of dance. Jack Kearns is promoting the sore-feet derby and the stars are turning out in droves. Each evening the boxes are filled with movie celebrities from Leslie Howard to Jack Oakie.

More Stars and Better Pictures

THE Motion Picture NRA code as it affects the theatres bids fair to cause a revolution in Hollywood, the like of which this capital of headaches has never previously known.

You have heard, of course, of "block-booking," the system by which a studio sells a certain number of pictures to a theatre before those pictures have been made or even written. The theatre, having contracted for such product, is compelled to play films, whether good or bad, or pay a cancellation fee amounting to fifty per cent of the rental. Under the system, studios have been able to realize a fair return on every individual release, regardless of its worth. Under the new deal instituted by the code, all of this may be changed.

Now a theatre can cancel any picture that does not come up to expectations and avoid paying a cancellation penalty. Can you see what this means? Studios will be forced into greater competition than ever before. Pictures will have to be better, and star names will have to be acting names!

Tracy Autographs Contract

LEE TRACY will be a Paramount star, after all. Several weeks of negotiations preceded the actual signing of the contract but now, as *Variety* says, ink has been spilled. Tracy's first picture is aptly titled, possibly on purpose, "A Son Comes Home."

Won't Sing for Suppers

REMEMBER how Jeanette MacDonald got even with the doctor who invited her to dinner and then demanded that she entertain his guests? She retaliated by having him to luncheon so that she might obtain free medical advice.

Well, Russ Columbo has an even better way of dodging those pests who expect him to sing for his supper. He has had himself incorporated and one of the first articles in the incorporation papers is that he is not allowed to sing without permission of the board of directors. Smart, eh?

Paging Anita

ANITA PAGE has come back to Hollywood after seven months of touring the country in vaudeville. We thought you had

(*Continued on page 79*)

Macaroons a Child Can Make!



Eagle Brand

EASY MAGIC MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk — 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-buttered pan, about one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Makes two dozen.

● What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch these crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! ● But remember —*Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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Have You Heard That--

Gloria Swanson told MOVIE CLASSIC that she was "destined for divorce" *several weeks* before she told newspapers?

Hal Rosson admits that MOVIE CLASSIC knew that Jean Harlow was going to divorce him three months before he knew it? (Jean told us, herself.)

George Raft told MOVIE CLASSIC first—and alone—that he has a son?

There is one screen magazine that scoops all others in gaining the confidences of stars?

The magazine in which you will *always* find the intimate, inside news about the stars who *are* news is

MOVIE CLASSIC

On Sale at All Newsstands the 10th of Each Month!



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Said to bring "good luck" if carried with you always. Sent FREE with big Book on DREAMS and FORTUNE TELLING by Cards.

Explains Your Dreams



Tea Leaves, Palmistry, Astrology, etc. Gives "lucky numbers," signs, omens. How to Hypnotize. Horoscopes, Crystal Gazing.

Interprets the meaning of any dreams. Also Napoleon's "Oracle of Fate" complete, and Money Making Secrets, Formulas, Tricks, Fun, Magic. Get this wonder book and FREE Lucky Charm. Send only 25c. Rush your order to KEYSTONE SERVICE, Box 4026, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. C-12.

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A new Remington Portable. Carrying case *free*. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write. Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 1505, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **SHAMPO-KOLOR**, takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Does not rub off. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 21, 254 W. 31st St., New York.**

If you like MOVIE CLASSIC why not pass the word along to your friends. When an article in this magazine strikes you as being unusually good, tell your friends to get a copy at the newsstand, and read it.

RADIO ANN—*She Gets Her Man!*



WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

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Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

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Stars in Love Make Better Pictures

(*Continued from page 58*)

next picture, "The Firebird" will prove whether or not the gossip is true.

Ann Harding's long succession of mediocre pictures coincided with the breaking up of her marriage. Despite her denials, she saw it coming long before she admitted it. Though her marriage to Harry Bannister was publicized as a great romance, Hollywood is inclined to doubt that it has even yet seen an Ann Harding in love on the screen. If that happiness comes to her, this star will flame into greatness.

And what of Katharine Hepburn? Her latest picture, "Spitfire," held only elusive memories of the actress who became a sensation overnight. But Katharine Hepburn was on the verge of divorce from Ludlow Smith. (She has since obtained her freedom.) She was no longer in love—and something intangible, but necessary was lacking in "Spitfire." Perhaps she, herself, realized that a dead romance was hurting her artistically and so hastened to be rid of it. Now, there are rumors of a new romance in her life—rumors that link her with her handsome, wealthy, socialite manager, Leland Hayward. Her next picture, "Joan of Arc," will confirm or deny those rumors!

A star's triumphs or defeats—the cycles of a career—synchronize with the star's love cycles. There are examples, to prove it.

Producers in Hollywood may frown on marriage. They may fear "the tie that binds" as a destroyer of public interest—as a Big Bad Wolf destined to haunt the box-office. But rumors of romance are welcomed by them with delight. They know that then they are getting something not specified in the contract—not only a player's talents, appearance and brains but his heart as well. And stars, themselves, must feel that love heightens their dramatic talents—for when an old love ends, a new romance usually soon begins.

And so it is profitable when the stars are in love. Without variation, the tender emotion results in fine pictures that run on and on—to the happy tune of box-office cash-registers a-ring!



Acme

Alan Dinehart, the screen star, and his recent bride, the former Mozelle Brittone, have brought Alan, Jr., Dinehart's 16-year-old son by a former marriage, to California to make his home with them



You Wonderful Girls of Today!

Dancing . . . tennis . . . beach parties . . . rumble seats in the moonlight . . . glamorous week ends in the country. You're busy. You're happy. You have no time to be "indisposed." You just can't be bothered with cramps and backaches. Periodic illness isn't going to upset your plans if you can help it. AND YOU CAN.

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. These little chocolate coated tablets contain no narcotics, no harmful ingredients of any kind. They will not upset your stomach or make you dizzy.

This medicine helps lots of girls. Let it help you too.

All Drug Stores and many department stores sell

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS

"Feel wonderful EVERY day"

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 77*)

been wondering where she has been. You won't need to wonder any longer, for she has had four or five picture offers already.

Meet Little Miss Young

LORETTA YOUNG'S baby sister, Georgiana, played a role in Loretta's new picture at Fox, "Caravan." They had been looking for some time for a little girl who resembled Loretta enough to play her as a child. Finally Loretta, herself, made the suggestion that brings the youngest of the Youngs to the screen for the first time.

Georgiana was just about as thrilled as any youngster could be, yet she went to great extremes not to show it. She was amazingly good, too, and accepted the praise she won for her performance with excellently assumed poise. "I'm doing no better than Loretta does," she said, modestly.

Finally Lands on Screen

FOR several years, Warner Baxter has had a stand-in with a terrific yen to be an actor. His name is Frank McGrath and Warner has often been instrumental in obtaining for him the opportunity to play a small role. The only difficulty is that Mc Grath, the moment he sees a microphone, gets "mike" fright and can't speak his lines, regardless of how well he has handled himself in rehearsal. It looked as though nothing could be done about getting him on the screen until the right chance came along the other day. It was a part in "Grand Canary" and McGrath played it perfectly. He is the corpse that Baxter covers with a blanket in the yellow fever plague. . . .

She Has Millions of 'Em

HAZEL FORBES, heiress of the tooth-paste millions, has solved the question of what to do with her salary while working in pictures. Each pay day, she seeks out deserving people on the RKO-Radio lot, where she is making "Down to Their Last Yacht," and gives away her salary. Thus she forestalls any criticism that she is robbing an actor of money that he needs and she doesn't.

Few people know that the very wealthy Hazel had a try at pictures once before. She was one of the ten youngsters Paramount sent to acting school, developing only a single star from the schooling, Buddy Rogers. Hazel was dropped from the class and emerged a short time later as a glorified Ziegfeld chorus girl. She married while still with Ziegfeld and, upon the death of her husband, inherited many millions. Now she condescends to act in the movies.

Family Battle on the Set

WHEN you get two DeMilles together on the same set, anything is likely to happen. Directing "Cleopatra," C. B. engaged his niece, Agnes, to dance upon the back of a bull. But when he tried to tell the girl how to dance, she retaliated by trying to tell him how to direct the scene. Result: somebody else did the dance.

End of the Raspberry Season

THE Hays office has decreed that from now on there must be no more pictures in which characters make "vulgar noises with their lips, such noises being known as the raspberry or Bronx cheer, among other names." So ends another screen cycle.

The D. A. R.'s Object

THE D. A. R.'s recently had a convention in Hollywood and got all hot and bothered about the "Going to Have a



Would You Believe I'm Past 60?

Look at My Picture...Then Do As I Do

Edna Wallace Hopper... Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl... Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

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Baby" cycle of movies. Frances Dee seems to have been making quite a specialty of unwed-mother rôles lately, and all the time she and Joel McCrea are looking forward to the stork! The Daughters of the American Revolution likewise object to comedy scenes of the Ride of Paul Revere.

The Battle of the Bennetts

THE Richard Bennett fracas is one of the town's juiciest morsels these days. Mrs. Angela Raisch Bennett—his second wife and stepmother only to Constance, Joan and Barbara—has been in the hospital having scars of battle attended to. Bennett *père* and *grand père* laughed it off by calling the whole thing the result of nerves. "She'll be sending for me within two months," he averred. "Never!" she insisted. Not laughing a bit, she brought suit for separate maintenance, telling the judge that Bennett was "a person of maniacal moods." Daughter Constance's marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise seems none too secure; but daughter Joan's marriage to Gene Markey seems reasonably serene; and Barbara Bennett Downey (Morton's wife) is expecting *another* Blessed Event.

Neil Back to Civilization

HIS friends are greeting Neil Hamilton like a long-lost hero. Most of the town actually thought that Neil was in Europe or doing a play in New York. Few realized that he was lost in the wilds of the Metro back lot for eleven months, playing in "Tarzan and His Mate," one of the longest-shootin' pictures on record. "If I never see an elephant again, it will be soon enough for me," was the caption under Neil's picture in the advertisements of "Tarzan and His Mate."

Who Is Carl Brisson?

THE feelings of Carl Brisson, hero of "Murder at the Vanities," were hurt when Hollywood, introduced to him, raised a puzzled eyebrow and murmured, "Eh, what was the name—?" He is a famous star on the European stage and screen and this provincial city persists in regarding him as a novice. Married eleven years, Mrs. Brisson is her husband's constant companion and manager. There is something about this Danish star's dimples and smiles, and his build, that is strongly reminiscent of Maurice Costello (father of Dolores), movie idol of twenty years ago. His rakish imported car, if not his reputation, has made him famous in Hollywood. It even boasts a let-down counter inside where Brisson lunches daily on special Danish food.

Heiresses Gone Movie-Crazy

HEIRESSES by the dozen have found their way to the fair movie city. Toothpaste queens, patent medicine millionairesses, ex-princesses, socialites fresh from headline divorces are trooping out our way. Doris Duke, the richest girl in the world, is here incog, visiting one of the new million-dollar "extras." Meanwhile, for some reason, Katharine Hepburn disappears from the new Philadelphia "Social Register."

Exit Karl Dane

KARL DANE's recent suicide is a minor tragedy of the movies. Seven years ago, his curious features, huge build and infectious grin snatched him from the post of a humble carpenter to screen stardom and fifteen hundred dollars a week after his hit as the gangling, tobacco-chewing *Slim* of "The Big Parade." The next year, the talkies came and Dane's strong accent let him out of his new Paradise.

After trying to go back to carpentering, failing at operating a hot-dog stand and making a last studio call to Paramount, where he had hoped to get a small part in

Mae West's picture, the ex-actor shot himself amid a welter of old scrapbooks and time-stained contracts. While Louis B. Mayer paid for the expenses of his funeral to save his body from Potters' Field, and George K. Arthur, once his teammate (remember them in "Baby Mine"?), sent a wreath of flowers, hardly a single movie celebrity attended his funeral. *They can't go back after they've once tasted movie fame.*

A Morgan-atic Union

AFTER the preview of "The Affairs of Cellini" the other night, wisecracks flew thick and fast among an audience almost entirely movie. "Now," said someone, "I know that Darryl Zanuck is a genius. He must have been to have persuaded Freddie March and Connie Bennett to play bits in a picture starring Frank Morgan."

Objections Sustained

OFFICIALS of the Mexican government viewed a print of "Viva Villa," over which there has been so much trouble, and asked for only two changes, we hear. The first objection was to the size of the crowd of soldiers accompanying Villa on his triumphant march into Mexico City. History says there were sixty thousand and Mexico wanted the full number shown on the screen.

The second point mentioned was a sequence in which Wallace Beery, as *Villa*, got drunk. Villa, said the officials, did not drink. They were very firm about it. The incidents of shooting men in cold blood and covering a man with honey so that his bones might be picked clean by ants were passed without question. But, please, would M-G-M cut the drinking scenes?

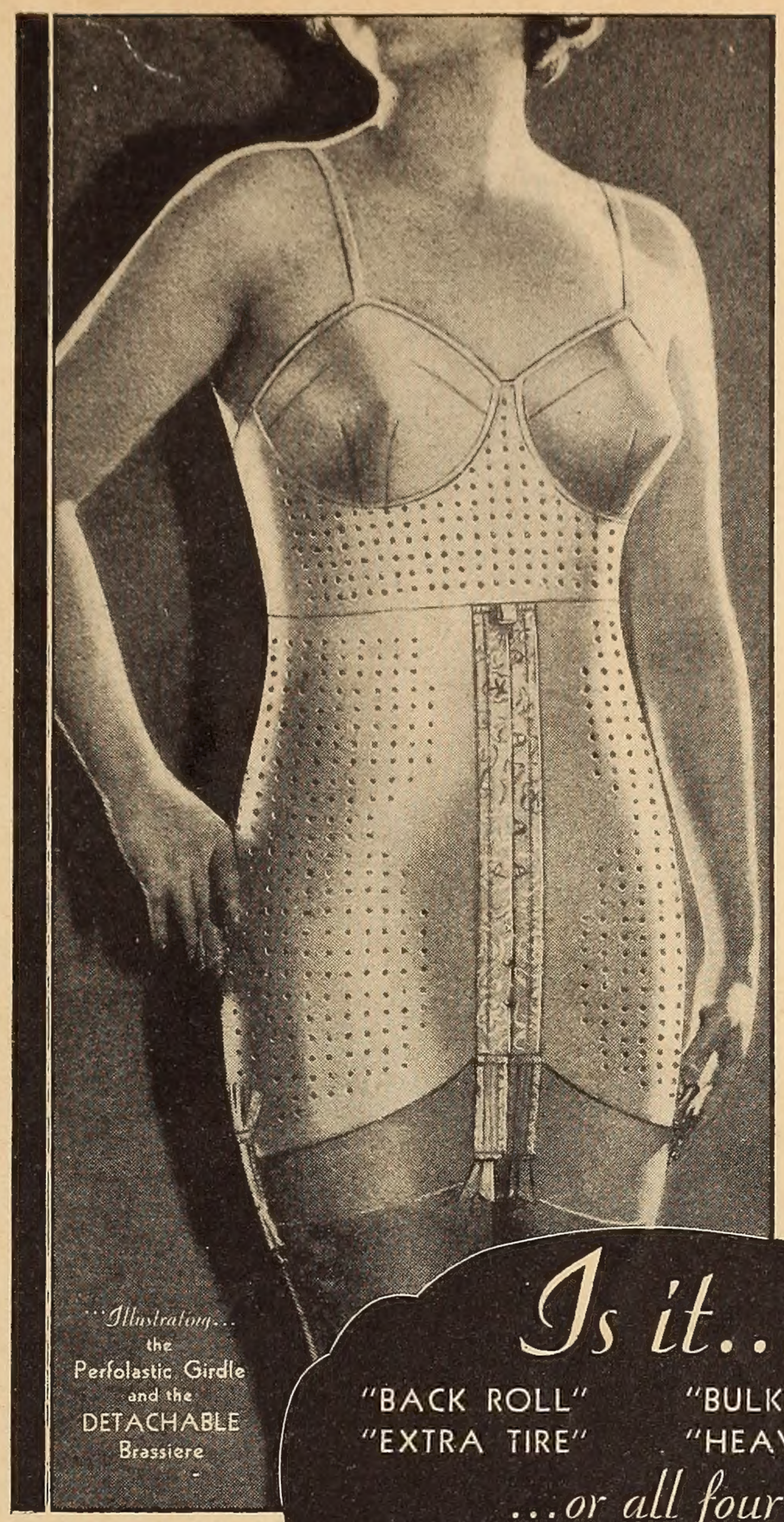
Three-Alarm Belle

MARY BRIAN told Phillips Holmes that all any young actor apparently had to do to get his name in the papers was to be seen in public with her. The columnists start engagement rumors that quickly. Phil, just to see what happened, took Mary to lunch the following day. Fourteen clippings resulted. He's convinced.



J. P. Graham

Mary Carlisle, who was an enthusiastic spectator at the polo matches at Del Monte, is shown, with a friend, watching the games





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Too-Young Love

M-G-M's "Sequoia" promises to be the champion long-distance picture of all time. The story concerns the love of a deer for a mountain lion. It begins when the lion is a cub and the deer a fawn. The trouble was that the cub and fawn grew up before the company obtained the needed footage of their "childhood." Nothing to do now but wait until a new crop of baby deers and lions arrives next year. It is hoped that Jean Parker won't grow up meanwhile so that she will have to be replaced, too.

Those Title Changes

"HOW are you gonna keep up with the new pictures when producers keep changing the titles?" That's what baffled moviegoers want to know. And they have good reason to be inquisitive—and to wonder how much money movie companies must toss away, sending out publicity and advertising about pictures, only to have it all to do over again when the titles are changed. And moviegoers, meanwhile, wonder what ever happened to the pictures they had previously been watching for.

Here is a list of title changes in the past few months—just to straighten you out, and to give you an idea of how changeable Hollywood can be:

"The Dover Road" (famous as a play under that title) has become, of all things, "Where Sinners Meet." George Arliss' new picture, once "Head of the Family," is now "The Last Gentleman." Kay Francis' latest effort, once "Dr. Monica," has been retitled "When Tomorrow Comes." The Dick Powell opus, "Rhythm in the Air," was released as "20 Million Sweethearts." The Fredric March-Constance Bennett comedy, widely publicized as "The Firebrand," is now "The Affairs of Cellini." The big musical comedy, "Fox Follies of 1934," was suddenly changed to "Stand Up and Cheer." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s new picture, formerly "Success Story," has become "Success at Any Price." The Warner Baxter picture, "Too Many Women," has become "Such Women Are Dangerous."

"Trigger," almost up to the time of release, was the title of Katharine Hepburn's "Spitfire." Aline MacMahon's new picture, once called "Fur Coats" and previewed as "A Woman in Her Thirties," is now "Side Streets." Joe E. Brown's latest comedy, once billed as "Sawdust," has become "The Circus Clown." Richard Arlen's & Son's picture, "Baby in the Icebox," is now "She Made Her Bed" (there's a change for you!). "The Man Who Broke His Heart" became "Wharf Angel"—a case of a title changing its sex. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor were scheduled to be reunited in "The World Is Ours"; it became "Change of Heart." The William Powell-Edna Best picture, "The Key," has become "Isle of Fury." The Cagney-Blondell picture, "Without Honor," has become "He Was Her Man." "Riptide," changed to "Lady Mary's Lover," was changed back to "Riptide." "The Hollywood Party," once changed to "Star-Spangled Banquet," has reverted to its original title.

SPEAKING of titles, one that is likely to keep you awake at night when you're trying to go to sleep is "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." It has a haunting cadence. And is it going to have a cast! Charles Laughton once more will re-create *Henry the VIIIth*, and Maurice Chevalier will be with him as *King Francis I*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be present as *Charles V*, Merle Oberon will again be *Anne Boleyn*, and Flora Robson will be *Catherine of Aragon*. It is to be made in England this Summer, under the direction of Alexander Korda, who produced "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth" and "Catherine the Great."

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(Illustration)

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